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THE
NATION

NOVEMBER 20, 1967 *35 cents*

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REPORT FROM BOLIVIA

GUEVARA, DEBRAY and the CIA

RICHARD GOTT

An on-the-spot account of the last weeks of a guerrilla band

20 years with tape

The Voice As History ALFRED B. ROLLINS, Jr.

TH OF SEVEN ZIPPERHEADS WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Ballads of Wolf Biermann

***translated by* ERIC BENTLEY**

CALVIN BEDIENT / LOUIS KAMPF / ROBERT G. HAZO

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LETTERS

the *New Yorker* debate

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In his letter to *The Nation* (Nov. 6), Mr. Arthur I. Waskow describes himself as having been resolutely opposed, at the National Convention for a New Politics, to the endorsement of the thirteen black caucus proposals. The opening words of a statement which he drew up at the time, and which he apparently regards as having expressed that vigorous opposition, read as follows: Be it resolved that the resolutions proposed to us be accepted as one document of this convention. The statement went on to propose additional measures which whites might take in their own communities, none of which in any way contradicted, altered or rescinded the initial endorsement of the proposals.

In his letter to you, Mr. Waskow describes himself as having favored a "bicameral solution." ("I never said anything else," he writes.) In the above-mentioned statement, however, Mr. Waskow not only failed to mention this exclusive preoccupation but also suggested that the NCNP would do best if "all work in it is jointly done by blacks and whites, and to that end we now double in size every committee of this convention."

Finally, in a mimeographed report he later wrote on the convention, Mr. Waskow said he had only wanted the convention "to adopt" the thirteen proposals as "a legitimate statement on the part of one wing of the movement."

"To accept" and "to adopt" are apparently not, in Mr. Waskow's view, verbs of endorsement. "Jointly," however, means separately.

The New Yorker relied, in short, not only upon its reporter but upon statements written and distributed at the time by Arthur I. Waskow. *Renata Adler*

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: Miss Adler quotes those parts of my resolution and my "Notes on Chicago" which were warmest on the right of the black caucus to take an independent position adopting the Thirteen Points—that is what "accept" meant—but does not quote those in which I insisted that the whites must be free to adopt their own statement. Moreover, she does not note the points at which my resolution took positions totally different from those in the Thirteen Points—especially on the Middle East, wars of liberation, "civilizing committees" (that is, how to organize among whites) and the Newark resolutions. Indeed, her letter hints there were no such differences.

Nor does Miss Adler explain why in reporting like an inside dopester on the emergency steering committee meet-

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REPRINTS AVAILABLE

"The Press and the Bay of Pigs," a detailed study by Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon of the role played by *The Nation* in breaking the Bay of Pigs story to the American public, appears in the Fall issue of *Columbia University Forum*. It has already been selected for an anthology to be published by Atheneum next spring.

Readers who wish reprints of "The Press and the Bay of Pigs" may obtain them from the editorial offices of *The Nation*. Single copies are 15c; 25 copies at 10c each; orders over 25 at 7c per copy.

EDITORIALS

Tuesday's News

If any national significance can be read in the results of Tuesday's elections it is that the Democrats are in serious trouble in the large cities which were once their strongest preserves. Despite internal stresses and strains the Democratic machine managed to re-elect Mayor James H. J. Tate in Philadelphia with the aid of labor, Catholic and reasonably solid Negro support, but the margin of victory was slight. Mayor Tate, who has been characterized as "the last lingering hurrah in an electronic age," is probably more of a liability than an asset to the Democrats nationally; he projects the perfect image of the old tired boss of another era. The Hicks-White battle has not strengthened the Democratic Party in Boston. The loss of courthouses in Bergen and Essex counties in New Jersey, as part of a state-wide sweep by the Republicans, has measurably undercut the local Democratic machines. Mayor Richard C. Lee's victory in New Haven (his eighth) was predictable, but he is an urban "activist" type, blessed by the Establishment, and not an old-style machine politician. In Cleveland and Gary, Carl Stokes and Richard Hatcher appear to have won close fights with little more than token visible support—and much covert opposition—from the local Democratic machines and organized labor. The results in these elections would indicate that the old labor-Negro-Catholic-Jewish-ethnic bloc which, under strong local leadership, worked so well for so long for the Democrats, is now disintegrating.

The victories by Stokes and Hatcher represent an encouraging upward trend in Negro political strength, as measured by the election of Negroes to office, in at least thirty-six states. But it also portends the emergence of a new dimension to the problem of segregation. Will the white exodus to the suburbs accelerate? And will the election of more Negroes as mayors in cities from which large numbers of whites have fled result in a kind of geographical segregation on a city-wide basis? Increasingly the cities are ringed with all-white suburbs, which by drawing tight jurisdictional lines create what are in effect closed communities. This kind of segregation-by-community, based on a politics of "self-indulgence" or social preference, fosters a social system in which, as D. J. R. Bruckner reports from the Midwest to the *Los Angeles Times*, "most advantages are increasing for those who already have them and decreasing for others." The new generation growing up in these all-white suburbs, so carefully shielded from the parent metropolis, is almost certainly assimilating the social attitudes which segregation fosters.

The White House will not be cheered by Tuesday's news. In Kentucky the Republicans elected a governor for the first time since 1943 and in Louisiana the Wallaceites probably control—the final results will not be known for some time—the State Democratic Committee. Also the vote in New York on state issues dramatically demonstrated Governor Rockefeller's increasing political strength

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and his steadily improving political finesse. Nor will the White House be cheered by the results of the cease-fire/withdraw referendum in San Francisco. The referendum lost, but the size of the "yes" vote indicates the existence of surprisingly strong support for "the Zinn position" against the opposition of the local newspapers and of some elements of the peace movement itself. This increasingly distressed opposition could become a decisive factor in a close state-wide election.

Narrow Margin

In Boston, Kevin H. White, Massachusetts Secretary of State, defeated Louise Day Hicks who, as chairman of the Boston School Committee, has constituted a one-woman stone wall against school integration in the city. In her campaign, Mrs. Hicks eschewed such vulgar words as "segregation," "race" and "Negro." In fact her campaign slogan was exactly right: "You know where I stand." Everyone did.

The 10-to-9 margin of White's victory was hardly stunning under the circumstances. White is the political heir of one of Boston's most distinguished Irish Catholic families, and an attractive and able candidate; Mrs. Hicks ran as a political amateur, which her campaign speeches made abundantly clear. The victor (who had been a distant second in the earlier elimination election) picked up the support of most of the also-rans, who together with him polled over 70 per cent of the preliminary votes. He also had the declared support of Sen. Edward Kennedy. By all political precedents, he should have won in a runaway.

The crowning irony of this election is that the bigoted Mrs. Hicks may have been defeated only by the measure of another form of bigotry: that which any woman must overcome when competing against a man for high office. Given Boston's particular ethnic character, the woman's-place-is-in-the-home vote is a considerable factor. Kevin White's election is fortunate for Boston, but there is small comfort in its narrow margin.

Storm Warnings

The signs are there for anyone to read. No less than five separate official investigations are under way to link up communism, subversion and civil disorder. Senator McClellan's Permanent Investigations Subcommittee will probe all types of civil disturbances, with initial emphasis on race riots which, in the past three years, are said to have killed 130 persons (including twelve policemen) and injured 3,623 in seventy-six cities. Senate Internal Security Committee has disclosed plans for a sweeping investigation of organizations of the New Left, after facilitating its labors by appropriating documents improperly, if not illegally ("stolen" is the term used by lawyers for two of the groups under attack). House Un-American Activities, of which little has been heard in recent years but which still draws its annual appropriation, throbs with new hope. This is all much too familiar, but because such waves of official fear and anger have swept the country before without toppling democratic

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forms—though leaving behind the debris of a few thousand ruined lives—people are apt to think that this too will pass. But this time the implications are far more dangerous.

While the furor is mounting, possible remedies for the underlying malaise are being jettisoned. Last year anti-poverty measures received $1.75 billion; this year the Johnson Administration asked for $2.06 billion. The Office of Economic Opportunity waits glumly while the House debates whether to allow it $1.5 billion or perhaps only $1.2 billion. Anti-poverty officials warn that the projected cuts would be "disastrous." Morale is sinking in the anti-poverty centers all over the country. To his credit, Sargent Shriver refuses to serve as a figurehead, beguiling the American people into belief that something substantial is being done about the problems at home. He threatens to resign if the funds are not forthcoming. We hope he is not brought to that, but if Congress insists on sabotaging the OEO's work, he should, as he says, refuse to contribute to a fraud.

Is the Johnson Administration vitally interested in its anti-poverty crusade of yesteryear, or is it now totally preoccupied with the problems of re-election? The outlines of its strategy for 1968 are emerging with ominous clarity. Obviously riots are not to be tolerated during a Presidential campaign. Secretary McNamara has authorized an increase of 12,000 men in the National Guard, and Guard sources explain that these will include special detachments to provide command and control during riots, military police companies, headquarters companies for battalions and larger task forces. Evidently the Guard, and local police, and no doubt the Army, are preparing for large-scale operations in the cities. Mr. Johnson himself has once more jumped on the Goldwater bandwagon: "crime in the streets" is not going to be left as a ready-made issue for the Republicans. At what was to be a routine swearing-in ceremony, he suddenly announced that the American people "are going to rise up and revolt at the lawbreaker in this country." As in times past, the perplexed and apprehensive middle class will respond with violence of its own, always in the name of law and order.

The Nation uses the word "fascism" with extreme caution. We never bandied it about during the worst excesses of the McCarthy period. Bad as that was, it did not seem to have the smell of fascism about it. McCarthy himself lacked an ideology and an economic program; his only gimmick was redbaiting writ large. But the situation now emerging does have a Fascist potential. A war that is wretched in its origins, inconclusive in its operations and generally hated among the thoughtful; the resistance generated by the war; the simultaneous disaffection of the Negroes and the insurrectionary aims of some Negro groups; the mounting danger of nuclear war, and the disintegration of the anti-poverty effort—these and other forces juxtapose to erode the defense against fascism which at one time seemed inherent in the American style and spirit.

Clearly the government is turning toward repression as the answer to disaffection; clearly, also, a large part of the middle class will go along. A Fascist ideology could be put together out of the law-and-order fetishism which has always masked official lawlessness in this country, racism directed against militant Negroes, and anti-intellectualism fanned by the resistance movement, which is centered on students, sections of college faculties and the intelligent generally, with a fringe of bizarre rebels to give the whole movement a bad name among the respectable. And communism which, however impotent it may be at home, remains powerful abroad after almost a quarter century of cold war, can still serve as a focus of free-floating hostility. If the United States gets through the 1968 elections without an irreversible departure from its past traditions, it will be by an act of Providence rather than by the wisdom and forbearance of official Washington, either manifest or in prospect.

Question of Priorities

Visiting foreign officials customarily refrain from critical comment on the affairs of their host countries, but Niels Erik Bank-Mikkelsen, director of the Danish national service for the mentally retarded, was shocked into ignoring protocol after inspecting the Sonoma State Hospital in California. "I couldn't believe my eyes. It was worse than any institution I have seen in visits to a dozen foreign countries." He found, among other conditions at Sonoma: the children's ward so crowded in the 3,400-patient hospital that the profoundly retarded are not even taught to chew and swallow; fifty women living on a bare cement floor, ten of them naked; ninety men wandering in and out of toilets without doors or partitions in a room open to an adjacent dining area. "In our country," the undiplomatic foreigner said, "we would not be allowed to treat cattle like that."

In its defense, the state's Department of Health and Welfare said California's treatment of the retarded is "the most advanced" in the nation. The chilling fact is that it may be true.

An Indispensable Atoll

Hardly any human beings inhabit the atoll of Aldabra in the western part of the Indian Ocean, and that is one reason why it is precious. It is a very inhospitable place, but several rare animal species, such as the giant land tortoise and the frigate bird, manage to live on it. It has been called "a biological treasure house"; an expedition of scientists representing the Royal Society has returned to London after a survey of the atoll, and reports that it is "the last place in the Indian Ocean where island life can be studied in isolation."

But the British Defence Ministry is not interested in island life; no defense establishment can be interested in anything but dealing death on command. It has been considering Aldabra for an airplane landing field. Opposition rose, with the Royal Society the first to protest, then the U.S. National Academy of Sciences, and most recently S. Dillon Ripley, the chief executive of the Smithsonian Institution. In a letter published in *Science*, Ripley expressed the hope that people on both sides of the Atlantic

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would try to convince British authorities of the "irreplaceable loss of research opportunities which military construction in Aldabra would surely cause."

But Washington is at least as much involved as London, since in all military planning for that part of the world Washington has a dominating hand. The Pentagon is said to be aware of the objections to making Aldabra an air base; it can show an enlightenment that it does not always manifest by moving the proposed base to some less indispensable location.

On a Pleasant Sunday

On a pleasant Sunday afternoon recently, a 56-year-old housewife burned herself to death on the steps of the Federal Building in downtown Los Angeles. Florence Beaumont made this ultimate protest against U.S. military action in Vietnam. (It was the second such occurrence in California within a week: three days earlier, Miss Hiroko Hayashi had immolated herself in San Diego.)

There was nothing in Mrs. Beaumont's past to suggest hysteria or other mental irregularity, but the ultimate tragedy of her terrible act is that in the context of Western behavior it will be dismissed as evidence of derangement. What a people will see as rational is largely a matter of national style; automatically, we draw a line beyond which a normal person may not go in expressing his feelings. But the line takes odd quirks: thus the American people have not yet brought themselves to see that it is insane to destroy Vietnam in order to forestall a threat of aggression which cannot be shown to exist, and which in any case the massacre of every human being in Vietnam would do nothing to prevent.

Let us agree, then, that Mrs. Beaumont had been driven mad by events; but let us go further and contemplate the mental health of a people who permit these events to take place in their name.

Memo for John Daly

In *The Nation* of August 28, Richard J. Walton, former United Nations correspondent for the Voice of America, addressed an open memorandum to John Daly, warning the new VOA director that he would be unable to carry out his intention to report "fully and fairly" on the Vietnamese War. However, Mr. Walton did say that the Voice's news bulletins, although not the rest of the programs, were "largely, but not entirely free" of policy considerations. But the night following heavy raids on the North Vietnamese air base at Phucyen, VOA on at least four consecutive newscasts did not regard the event as worth even brief mention. These raids, the first against Phucyen, were termed by *The New York Times* as "one of the most important strikes of the war" and as "the climax to a long series of intensifications of the American air war in the North," or, in other words, a major escalation. That same evening, October 24, both domestic and international broadcasters were treating the raids as one of the two or three most important news stories of the night.

This is not to say that VOA ignored the war. To the contrary, it reported several statements in defense of President Johnson's policy. Perhaps Mr. Daly has learned, as Mr. Walton predicted he would, that no director of VOA, no matter how personally committed to broadcasting the truth, is able to resist Administration pressures.

Senator Murphy Digs the Facts

A UP dispatch appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of October 23 quoting Sen. George Murphy (the soft-shoe artist) as saying: "If the anti-Vietnam war demonstrators would study the facts, they probably would support the United States' policies."

The following exchange took place on the Senate floor between Senator Murphy and Senator Cooper as reported in the *Congressional Record* for October 2:

Mr. Murphy: I believe the Senator has said that the Geneva agreement pointed out that North Vietnam considered the entire country as one.

Mr. Cooper: No . . . . The Geneva agreement itself considered the whole country as one. The 17th Parallel was to be a temporary arrangement.

Mr. Murphy: I thought that was the result of the Geneva Agreement, which was agreed to by the North but never agreed to by the South Vietnamese or the United States.

Mr. Cooper: The Geneva Conference agreed that Vietnam was one state. But for the purposes of arranging affairs preparatory to election and arranging the withdrawal of troops and the movement of people . . . the 17th Parallel was established as a temporary dividing line, with the understanding that two years later there would be an election throughout the entire country.

Mr. Murphy: I thank the Senator.

Class dismissed.

'Peacekeeper' Is Here!

California, at the initiative of former Gov. Pat Brown, contracted with some of the aerospace companies to give the state expert assistance in solving a number of its socio-technological problems, such as waste disposal and air pollution. But there is now the even more "urgent" problem of "crime in the streets," against which President Johnson recently inveighed, putting the country on notice that he is as much against it as any Birchite. The estimable *Aerojet-General Booster,* an organ of the Aerojet-General Corporation, had something to offer on this topic in its October issue. Police Chief Orval Davis of Del Monte, where Aerojet's corporate offices are located, has conceived the bright idea of forming a Technical Research and Development Commission to enlist the cooperation of local aerospace companies in advancing police work from the "horse-and-buggy age" into the space age. The companies have responded enthusiastically and Chief Davis suggests that police departments all over the country should do likewise, thus enlarging the area of cooperation that already exists between the police

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and corporations in their common solicitude for law and order.

The particular concept that has emerged from the entente in Del Monte is the "Peacekeeper" police car, designed to give the police "an edge over their lawless adversaries"—the kind of foe that disturbed the tranquility of Watts in 1965 and, later, Newark, Detroit and other cities. Peacekeeper looks more like a tank than a passenger car, but this only makes it more persuasive to people who are hard to persuade. A production model will cost about ten times as much as the usual squad car, but its sponsors believe it would last longer. One feature is legs which can be extended hydraulically from the sides to make the vehicle tip-proof. The tires are armored; additional armor protects floor and body. All glass is bulletproof.

But the most striking element of Peacekeeper is a revolving turret on the roof, controlled by an operator who sits safely inside at a master console. Atop the turret is mounted a parabolic reflector which combines radar and acoustic pickup, so that the operator, ensconced in his armor, can hear the howls of the frustrated criminals in the street and follow their movements by personal radar, perfected (or nearly so) by field trials in Vietnam. He also sees them by an advanced kind of TV which needs hardly any light. He can command them with a bullhorn mounted on the turret, turn searchlights on them, gas them and, if nothing else avails, shoot at them with an automatic rifle. At least a rifle is shown in the present design, though there is no reason why a machine gun or even a light cannon cannot be added to the arsenal of the mobile fort.

The TV screen on the Peacekeeper's console shows the operator what he is shooting at as he revolves the turret, of the effect of the paralyzing gases he discharges. The quantity and pressure of these gases are under his precise control, as is everything else down to the volume at which he desires to issue his commands through the bullhorn. Best of all, the inside air pressure is kept slightly above normal, so that noxious gases and fumes, whether emitted from Peacekeeper or generated outside, cannot pollute the air breathed by the guardians of law and order.

With enough Peacekeepers at the disposal of a police department, there will be no need for the amateur soldiers of the National Guard, much less for the Regular Army, which is so heavily laden in Vietnam. Expense may actually be less, but what if it is greater? As the President said in reference to curbing crime in the District of Columbia, if necessary let us have twice as many police, let us pay them twice as much, let us do whatever is needed. Had he known about this latest invention to curb crime in the streets, no doubt Mr. Johnson would have called for Peacekeepers by the thousands or tens of thousands, and who can doubt that he would get them? Only one gnawing question remains: what kind of peace will it be that Peacekeeper keeps?

TWENTY YEARS WITH TAPE

THE VOICE AS HISTORY

ALFRED B. ROLLINS, Jr.

Mr. Rollins, professor of history and dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Vermont, is the author of Roosevelt and Howe *(Knopf), and is working currently on a history of the Truman and Eisenhower administrations. In 1965, he prepared a report on the oral history project of the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library.*

One of Allan Nevins' greatest contributions to scholarship is to be celebrated on November 18 to 21, when the National Colloquium on Oral History meets at Columbia University's Arden House. By organizing the first Oral History Project at Columbia in 1948, Professor Nevins invented a wholly new way of creating the historical record; its use will enrich the writing and reading of history long after his generation of students, and their students, have left the scene.

I use the term "invented" with good reason: oral history is a concept that had to be created. The people now engaged in expanding it object strongly when their craft is confused with "instant history," the name which Frederick Taylor, in a *Wall Street Journal* article some months ago applied to the sound track of a dramatic air rescue in Vietnam. Recordings of the sounds of battle and barracks, of rostrum and caucus room are, of course, welcome to historians. If we could hear Napoleon and Washington, as we can still hear McCarthy, MacArthur or Eisenhower, we might understand both the little corporal and the founding father less romantically. One can only hope that the custodians of the new sound will preserve the groans of the wounded as well as the war whoops of the heroes.

But oral history, as Allan Nevins conceived it, is something else. It is the systematic attempt to enlist significant people into recording their memoirs while they are still able to do so effectively. It is spoken history, recorded accurately on tape, then transcribed and edited by the subject. The entire process takes place under the guidance of a trained historian.

The idea caught on slowly. Few tasks require more background preparation, or pay off more slowly. If done well, a year's work by an oral history interviewer may produce only 100 to 200 hours of tape, with 2,500 to 5,000 pages of transcript. And it may be that most of this will be closed to use for the moment, or even the generation. During the first ten years of Columbia's Oral History Project, an average of only fifty-five persons a year could be interviewed. At least half of the carefully planned contacts failed to produce memoirs. And scholars were slow in learning to use the available material. However, this

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reluctance was in part a problem of critical mass. By the end of the first decade enough chronicles had been amassed for the word to spread that Columbia possessed a body of materials well worth the expense and time of a trip to Morningside Heights. By 1964-65, more than 2,000 volumes were being consulted in a year, a total of 556 interviews had been completed and almost 200,000 pages of transcript were available.

But by this time, also, very nearly 100 projects around the country were imitating or improvising upon Nevins' brilliant innovation. Some, like that at the Claremont Graduate School, are regional history collections; others, such as the Labor History Archive at Wayne State University, are built around special themes. Some which began with a particular focus, Cornell's program, for example, broadened far beyond their original concerns. The various Presidential libraries are developing special programs, those at the Truman and Kennedy Libraries being well under way.

There has been little order and much competition in this growth, and it is partly the problem of organization that brings oral history people together at Arden House in this twentieth year of their profession. The field is now enough crowded, and there is enough at stake, to make it necessary for practitioners to coordinate their enterprises. Until 1966, there was only an occasional chance to exchange views, such as a session of the Organization of American Historians or the special seminar called in the summer of 1964 to give advice to the new John F. Kennedy Library oral history program. But last year, at Lake Arrowhead, Calif., the group met to plan a formal organization.

Oral history is now generally accepted; it plays a central role in virtually every project in recent history. But many difficulties are unresolved. There are problems of definition, of technique and of use. There are legal and financial considerations, calling for a good deal of imagination. The question of definition has become especially pressing with the proliferation of projects. Historians must stress their professional role in the process and make clear that mere recording is not oral history. We do not need the spontaneous spouting of some great man's Monday morning afterthoughts, or the preservation of some piece of "sound" prepared for another purpose. What we must perfect and adhere to is a process that evokes as nearly as possible the complete and the contemporary impression. This requires the intervention of a historian's disciplined curiosity. He must decide who is worth interviewing, and about what. He must seek central issues and push aside trivia. He must submit the subject to polite but relentless cross-questioning. The historian must provide both enthusiasm and order. A man may not remember spontaneously all the details of his harrowing experience at Anzio or Tarawa, and perhaps would not spontaneously speak of it, if he did. But if he is sought out, shown the old maps and photos, brought to talk and remember, he may finally recall quite precisely things about Anzio or Tarawa which he alone is left to record.

The role of the historian is central, but controversial. In this kind of research one actually helps *create* the source, and it will be protested at once that historical objectivity must be lost in such a process. But there has never been as much objectivity in history as we have pretended, and scholars are perhaps no less objective about events in their own day than they have been about other times. Is the traditional, Roman-oriented view of the "barbarians" more objective than our Western conception of Stalin or Mao? Are we really more objective about Washington than we are about Eisenhower? Does one misunderstand Rap Brown because one cares, and understand Nat Turner because one does not care? Is the bias of involvement worse than the bias of remote interest and detachment?

The real problem is not the historian's involvement with his subject but his need to develop adequate background for the interview. He can do his best with oral history only if he has done the manuscript research first. He will know how to question Harry Truman most cogently on the fight against inflation, if he has already read the staff papers of the White House assistants, of Chester Bowles and Michael DiSalle, and of the Council of Economic Advisers. But, if we take out time to master the manuscripts, memories will dim and warp. It was this consideration that led John F. Kennedy's friends to propose a "crash" program of oral history interviews immediately after his death. Whatever the perils of haste, they were thought to be outweighed by the advantages of immediate recall, uncorrupted by afterthought. But both dangers are real—though in the Kennedy project there should be opportunities for later interviews, to supplement with critical, research-based reappraisals, the fresh first impressions.

Such doubling up, however, will often be beyond both the patience of the subject and the resources of the project.

Most arguments about technique finally come down to money. Historians would probably agree that professionally trained interviewers should be employed, that they should be paid on salary and encouraged to do a great deal of research; that tapes as well as manuscripts should be saved to make available the vocal nuances which are sometimes lost between tape and typewriter. But the cost of work at the ideal level would be prohibitive by present standards. So, in fact, much oral history is done by semi-trained people, who are paid by the hours of tape recorded and thus encouraged to strive for speed rather than thoroughness. And the tapes are often erased and reused. Long-term planning is difficult, if not impossible. Most programs scrounge along with hidden subsidies from the universities, business firms or libraries which house them, constantly aware that the cost accountants may some day turn them out. One of the problems oral historians must face at Arden House is the need to develop standards of operation that can be generally agreed upon as a basis for seeking a reliable flow of funds.

The greatest dangers lie not in technical lapses (eroded tapes, inaccessible transcripts, etc.). They are the lost opportunities and those destroyed by professional incompetence. Almost every day's newspaper announces that another source is gone—Eleanor Roosevelt or Douglas MacKay, Earl Browder and both Charles Wilsons

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("Engine" and "Electric"). But the threat of opportunities destroyed by bad handling is even greater. Herein lies one of the most compelling reasons for coordination. Tape recorders are cheap and appear deceptively easy to operate. The prairies and the city streets are filled with reporters and Ph.D. candidates, not to mention the writers of M.A. theses and senior honors papers. And the most valuable subjects for interviews are very busy people. It will certainly not be long before major figures may refuse to be questioned extensively because they have already been made impatient by long hours spent with unskilled interviewers on some *ad hoc* project.

Even now, the main problem oral history people face is not finance or technique but the difficulty of persuading subjects to submit to the ordeal. Everything except a historical conscience or deep personal pride cries out against it. Being interviewed may be unpleasant, certainly time consuming, very likely embarrassing; and it may be dangerous. One is being asked to place one's naked recollections, however devastating to oneself or to others, at the mercy of some group of historians and clerks. And anyone who hopes to use the interview as a means of concocting a favorable history is probably deluding himself. It is far easier to plant an exculpating memorandum in one's files for historians to discover when one is beyond the reach of impertinent questions.

And there are conflicts of loyalty. Why *should* one tell the whole truth when to do so makes one look silly, or reflects on one's family or friends? A man's belief in the importance of history must be strong to override the claims of love and loyalty. That was one of the great difficulties with Eleanor Roosevelt as a historical source. She had too sprightly a commitment to the present, and too warm a heart for both friends and enemies, to be willing to remember the evil, or the sad, or even the awkward things about them. So, one will never know her special memories of her husband's weaknesses, of her difficult mother-in-law's behavior, or of Al Smith's inadequacies.

There is also the problem of time. Interviewer and subject may work four or five hours together to get one hour on tape. On a large-scale project, days may be spent in initial explorations, as the subject and his historian search out the crannies of memory and develop a style, an outline, a plan. Recording and editing are both time-consuming processes, and if the man or woman being interviewed is still active in a career, the mere challenge of other commitments seems prohibitive. For the interviewer too, the matter is often frantic. He must sometimes hold himself available for months, ready like a portrait painter to appear, fresh and informed, for a sitting whenever his cabinet officer or diplomat, President's lady or corporation executive has a few moments to spare.

Legal problems occur, the essence of the process being the confidential relationship between the interviewer and the subject. The "Manchester incident" displayed all too clearly how the cast of confidence may be smashed. But if the special value of oral history lies in its disciplined frankness, its special limit is the subject's absolute control. In the end, the transcript carries precisely what he wants it to say. The interviewer may question, suggest and cajole, but he may not put words into his subject's mouth, and he may not retain in the transcript words which the subject wishes erased. The interview is the mature memory of the subject, but it is also his "reconsidered" memory. Every oral historian one day experiences the heartbreak of seeing the vitality of a memoir washed out forever by the transcript-editing of a subject turned resentful or weak, cautious or sentimental. Yet this is how it must be. The subject has a common-law copyright; his words cannot legally be retained without his permission. But the more important consideration is functional: people simply will not entrust their private memories to posterity unless they are given the right to edit them as they see fit, close them for a period of time, lay conditions upon their use, assure themselves against actions for libel or slander or other reprisals.

There can be, then, no guarantee of truth. Historians must still apply the standards of criticism which they would use with letters and diaries. They will still have to winnow gossip and twice-told tales from the direct observations of the subject. And they must still guard against expecting too much.

The meeting at Arden House will be a reminder of the impressive contributions already made by scores of oral historians, at great personal expense, to the understanding of our era. And it will provide a chance to focus upon the pressing current needs: coordination, standards and money. The problem of finance is the major one for friends of oral history who are not themselves carrying tape recorders about. There must be larger institutional budgets, and more reliable ones. But no amount of industry by scholarly institutions will do the whole job. One of the most hopeful prospects is that businesses and labor unions, pressure groups and foundations, churches and schools will undertake their own oral projects. They may well find this new dimension of memoir and comment as useful in decision making as in history making. There are, of course, pitfalls which anyone who has read an official institution or business history can describe. But already, projects like those of the Ford Motor Company and the National Foundation suggest that it *can* be done well if the commitment is there. The joint project of Columbia University and the Social Security Administration suggests another approach—support by the interested party and control by the professionals.

Arden House offers an opportunity not only for coping with problems but also for appraising opportunities. One may suggest at least three avenues of growth. Most important is the matter of coverage. Oral history has been largely concerned with *important* men, dramatic events. Although Columbia, Cornell, Wayne State and others have made beginnings, much more attention must now be directed to the memoirs of ordinary Americans and records of everyday life, to the immigrant and farmer, the garment worker and small-town lawyer, the rabbi, the bus driver, the student, the private first class. And it is time to turn more directly than we have to the history of the professions and the bureaucracy in business and government, labor and education. Who is taping the memoirs of Manhattan's migrants from Valdosta and

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San Juan? Who interviews the postal clerk, the salaried laboratory inventor who carries industry on his back, the third grade teacher, or the obscure clerk who decides whether you may have a passport?

A second area of development is training for oral history. Most of the work is now done by historians self-trained as interviewers, reporters self-trained as historians, or part-time help hardly trained at all. We do not need still another degree program, but we do need specific instruction, bibliographies, manuals. And we must, in the graduate schools, give to oral history the same attention we now devote to the use of manuscripts, statistics, public documents and artifacts.

A third area, now that twenty years have passed, is the preservation of visual as well as oral records. Here care must be taken not to confuse one's objectives. The TV tape of a network news interview is no substitute for an oral history session, the most obvious reason being that the subject should be willing to say for oral history many things he was not prepared to divulge to the entire contemporary world. But the TV tape may be a valuable supplement, helping to establish for future users of the oral history transcript the physical condition and mental acuity, as well as some of the personality characteristics of the subject.

If all the things that oral historians might be doing are actually to be done, and done well, we shall have to give them a great deal more attention than they are now attracting. And a great deal more money. Since 1948, this new profession has matured its techniques and proved its value. It has earned its claim for a massive expansion of facilities and support.

REPORT FROM BOLIVIA

GUEVARA, DEBRAY and the CIA

RICHARD GOTT

Mr. Gott, a research fellow at the Institute of International Studies of the University of Chile, Santiago, is currently engaged in writing a book on guerrilla activities in Latin America. Between August and October, he traveled widely in Bolivia and visited for considerable periods in the guerrilla zones and the mining centers. He was present at the trial of Régis Debray in Camiri. Some military details he obtained from Colonel Zenteno (mentioned below); other information was supplied by local newspapers, other journalists, soldiers, peasants, students. Debray himself was most informative. Mr. Gott expresses his particular thanks to Brian Moser and Granada Television.

Santiago, Chile

At 8:30 in the warm evening of Sunday, October 8, I was walking with an English friend in the main square of Santa Cruz, in eastern Bolivia, when a man beckoned to us from a café table. "I have news for you," he said. And we said, "Che?," for the possible capture of Guevara had been on our minds for a week. We had been in the small town of Vallegrande six days earlier and had heard Col. Joaquin Zenteno Anaya, commander of the Eighth Division of the Bolivian Army, express confidence that his troops would have Che in their power before the week was up. He explained that his troops had been reinforced by 600 "Rangers," fresh from the training camp run by United States Special Forces north of Santa Cruz. He told us how the guerrillas had been encircled. Escape was possible only on one side, and there the army had planted soldiers dressed as peasants to report at once if the guerrillas appeared. From the evidence of villagers whom the guerrillas had met at the end of September, and from that of captured guerrillas, there was no doubt that Che was the leader of this encircled band.

"Che has been captured," our café contact told us, "but he is severely wounded and may not last the night. The other guerrillas are fighting desperately to get him back, and the company commander is appealing by radio for a helicopter so that they can fly him out." My friend and I hired a jeep and set off for Vallegrande at four o'clock on Monday morning.

We arrived five and a half hours later and drove straight to the airfield. Half the population of the small town seemed to be waiting there, the school children in white dresses and amateur photographers eager to secure pictures of dead guerrillas. Only two weeks before, the bodies of the Bolivian leader, "Coco" Peredo, and of the Cuban "Antonio" had been landed there. And in the cemetery close to the airfield lies the body of "Tania," the beautiful girl who died with nine other guerrillas on August 31, after being led treacherously into an ambush in the Rio Grande. The inhabitants of Vallegrande had by now become accustomed to the comings and goings of the military.

Suddenly the children began jumping up and down and pointing to the horizon. Within seconds, a speck appeared in the sky and it soon materialized into a helicopter, bearing on its landing rails the bodies of two dead soldiers. They were unstrapped and unceremoniously loaded into a lorry and carted into the town. But as the crowd melted away, we stayed behind and photographed the crates of napalm that lay around the periphery of the airfield. And with a telephoto lens we took photos of a man in olive-green uniform with no military insignia who had been identified to us as an agent from the CIA. (I shall so refer to him hereafter, for I am convinced that that is what he was.)

Such temerity on the part of foreign journalists—we were the first to arrive in Vallegrande by twenty-four hours—was ill-received, and the CIA agent in the company of some Bolivian officers tried to have us thrown out of town. But we carried credentials to prove that we

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were bona fide journalists, and after much argument we were allowed to stay. The one and only helicopter then set off again for the fighting zone, some 30 kilometers to the southwest, with Colonel Zenteno aboard. Shortly after one o'clock in the afternoon, it brought him back, triumphant and barely suppressing an enormous grin. Che was dead, he announced. He had seen the body, and there was no room for doubt. Colonel Zenteno is an honest man, not accustomed to revealing more than is absolutely necessary, and there seemed no reason to doubt him. We rushed to the tiny telegraph office and thrust our dispatches to the outside world into the hands of a startled clerk.

Four hours later, at exactly five o'clock, the helicopter was back once more, now carrying a single small body strapped to its rails. This time, instead of landing close to where we were standing, the machine came down in the middle of the airfield, and the onlookers were held back by a cordon of determined soldiers. The distant corpse was quickly loaded into a closed Chevrolet van which sped away. We leapt into our jeep and our enterprising driver followed close. After about a kilometer the Chevrolet turned sharply into the grounds of a tiny hospital, and we were close enough behind to prevent the gates from being closed against us.

The Chevrolet drove up a steep slope, and then reversed toward a small hut with a bamboo roof and one open side, normally used as a laundry. We hurried from the jeep and reached the rear doors of the van while they were still closed. When they were thrown open, the CIA agent leapt out, yelling in English, "All right, let's get the hell out of here." It seemed inappropriate, since he could hardly have been addressing the two British journalists who stood on either side of the door.

Inside the van, on a stretcher, lay the body of Che Guevara. I had seen him once before, four years ago in Havana, and he was not a person whom one would forget easily. Since then, my personal memory of him had doubtless become mingled with the frequent photographs in the press, and I must confess that I had forgotten the blackness of his scanty beard. He seemed smaller, too, and thinner than I had remembered. But months in the jungle had clearly taken their toll. I wanted to reject the evidence of my eyes, but when they carried the body out and propped it up on a makeshift table in the hut, doubt became impossible. The shape of the beard, the design of the face, and the rich flowing hair were unmistakable. He was wearing olive-green battle dress and a zippered jacket. On his feet were faded green socks and a pair of apparently homemade moccasins. Since he was fully dressed it was not possible to see all his wounds. There were two obvious holes at the bottom of his neck, and later when they were cleaning his body I saw another wound in his stomach. I do not doubt that he had wounds in his legs and near his heart, but I did not see them.

Two doctors were probing the wounds in his neck and my first thought was that they were searching for the bullet, but in fact I believe that they were preparing to put in a tube for the formalin that would preserve his body. One of the doctors began cleaning his hands which were covered with blood, but otherwise there was nothing repellent about the body. Che looked astonishingly alive. His eyes were open and bright, and the doctors slipped one of his arms out of his jacket without difficulty. I do not believe that he had been dead for many hours, and at the time I did not believe that he had been killed after his capture. I assumed that he had died of his wounds and lack of medical attention sometime in the early hours of that Monday morning.

The living group around the body was more repellent than the dead: A nun who could not help smiling and sometimes laughed aloud; officers who came with their expensive cameras to record the scene. And, of course, the agent from the CIA. He seemed to be in charge and looked furious whenever anyone pointed a camera in his direction, "Where do you come from?" we asked him in English, jokingly adding, "from Cuba, from Puerto Rico?" But he was not amused, and curtly replied in English, "from nowhere." Later we asked him again, but this time he replied in Spanish, *"Que dice?,"* and pretended not to understand. He was a short, stocky man in his middle 30s. He had sunken piggy eyes and almost no hair. It was difficult to tell whether he was a North American or a Cuban exile, for he spoke English and Spanish with equal facility and with no trace of accent.

Fortunately, I was not the only witness of this scene. A correspondent of the news agency, Reuters, was also there and mentioned the CIA agent in his cable. But when his story appeared in *The New York Times,* the crucial paragraphs were missing.

Debray and the Guerrillas

Long before the death of Che Guevara, the capture and subsequent trial of the Marxist philosopher, Régis Debray, in the small southeastern Bolivian oil town of Camiri, had given publicity to the guerrillas operating in that region. As a result, we probably know more about them than about any other guerrilla band on the continent. Part of the general interest in the Bolivian situation arose, of course, from the reappearance of Che Guevara, but the Bolivian guerrilla effort was also important as the first "new front" to be opened since the major setbacks suffered by most of the Latin American guerrilla movements in the period between 1964 and 1966.

The first initiatives were taken in the middle of 1966 by the Bolivian brothers Roberto ("Coco") and Guido ("Inti") Peredo. Like many other revolutionary movements in Latin America, the Bolivian guerrillas appear to have begun as a family affair; the three Vasquez brothers in Colombia are another example, as of course are Fidel and Raul Castro. Coco Peredo, the effective leader, appears to have been born about 1937, and although he attended the university of San Andrés in La Paz for a short time, he did not finish the course. Subsequently he became a taxi driver. According to one account, the guerrillas were primarily made up of miners (about 30 per cent). The next largest group were taxi drivers—Coco's friends.

In July, 1966, Coco Peredo approached a farmer named Ciro Algaranaz, who owned a small holding called Pincal some miles north of Lagunillas in southeast Bo-

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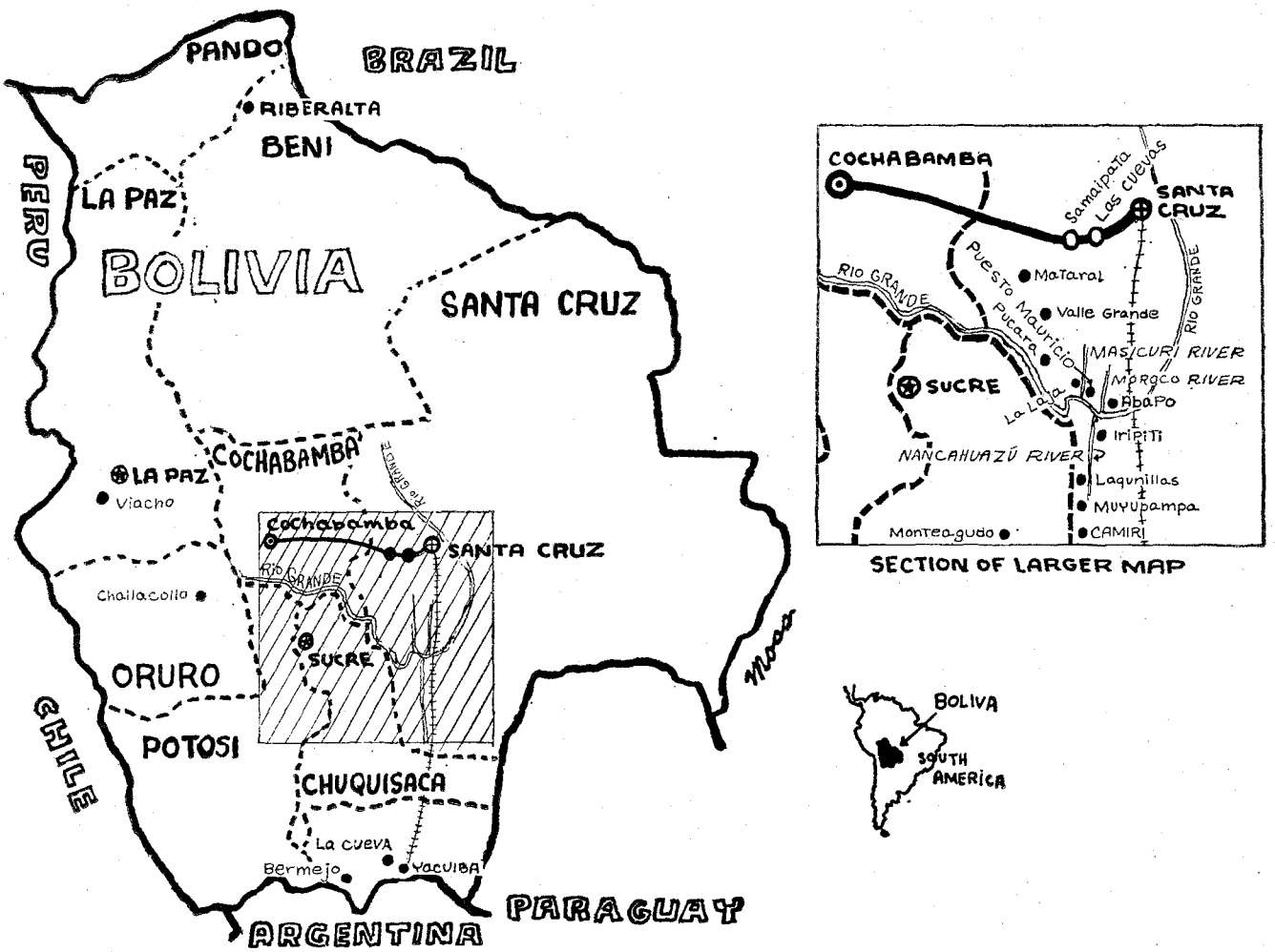
livia, and asked him if he was prepared to sell. Algaranaz wanted something more than $8,000, too much for the Peredos. Instead, they bought for about $1,500 some land a little further to the north at Nancahuazú near the river of that name, from a certain Remberto Villa. On it was a small two-room hut with a corrugated iron roof, called the Casa Calamina.

The area around Nancahuazú is characterized by hundreds of knife-edge hills bunched together and separated only by deep, impenetrable ravines filled with thick tropical vegetation. Lagunillas, the nearest settlement to Nancahuazú, consists of a central square with a few streets leading from it. The buildings, though quite impressive, are in various stages of decay. Boom time was in the twenties, when Lagunillas was the center of an important cattle-raising region. But that came to an end with the Chaco wars in the 1930s, and the town had been declining ever since—until the army arrived last April. An additional cause of the town's decay has been the growth of the oil industry based in Camiri, a drive of an hour and a half by jeep to the south. A thriving town of some 20,000 inhabitants, it has all the prosperity and vitality that Lagunillas lacks.

The Peredo brothers remained undisturbed on their land at Nancahuazú until March, 1967. During that period they constructed a guerrilla encampment on the further side of the river, laid in munitions and equipment, and recruited men. The encampment is a march of about two hours from the Casa Calamina, up the winding gorges of the Nancahuazú. It is in a most cleverly chosen location and virtually impenetrable.

Exactly when Che Guevara became involved is not clear. According to what Régis Debray said in prison, the Bolivians asked him to be their leader. "Che did not come here by his own choice. He came because the Bolivians called him." In the early fifties he had been for a year or more a doctor in the Alto Beni, but he apparently spent most of 1966 traveling all over southeast Bolivia. This information was supplied by a guerrilla called "Camba," captured in late September. He also said that Guevara had spent 1965 in the Congo. (Che's diary comment was as follows: "Camba has been captured and since then seems to have been talking like a parrot.")

The Bolivian authorities tried to put over the notion that the guerrillas were a bunch of bandits from abroad, messing about in Bolivia's internal affairs. But in fact there seem to have been no more than seventeen Cubans with the guerrillas—who probably originally numbered about 200. Debray has said that approximately 10 per cent of the guerrillas were Cubans, and this figure looks substantially correct. "Who is more a foreigner in Bolivia," Debray replied, when asked about this in September, "the man born in Cordoba [Che Guevara was an Argentinian] or the man born in Missouri?"—a reference to



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Gen. Robert Porter, the commanding officer of the United States forces in the Canal Zone, who just previously had paid a visit to Bolivia.

Coco and Inti Peredo both appear to have been members of the Bolivian Communist Party, though neither of them had very well thought-out ideological views. Inti was nearer to the Chinese position than Coco. (Their elder brother, Antonio, was closer to the Moscow line and did not join the guerrilla venture. He had been with the government radio at La Paz, but after the guerrilla outbreak found it difficult to get work. He left for Lima in the middle of 1967.)

Since the recent mysterious death of the pro-Peking miners' leader, Federico Escobár, the Chinese wing of the Communist movement in Bolivia has all but collapsed, and in fact neither of the two Communist parties now enjoys much support. Bolivians with leftist or Marxist views prefer the Partido Obrero Revolucionario (POR) led by the veteran Trotskyite, Guillermo Lora, or the Partido Revolucionario Izquierda Nacional (PRIN), with the miners' leader, Juan Lechín Oquendo, at its head. Another Marxist party, the Partido Izquierda Revolucionario (PIR) is cooperating with the government of General Barrientos. All these parties are small, weak and divided.

Informers and Ambushes

There are a variety of conflicting accounts as to how the guerrillas at Nancahuazú were discovered. The simplest story is that one of their guides, a man named Vargas, employed by the Yacimientos Petroliferas Fiscales Bolivianos (YPFB) in Camiri, got drunk one night and babbled. Camiri is the headquarters of the army's Fourth Division. Subsequently, Vargas led the soldiers up to the encampment in Nancahuazú, and was the first person whom the guerrillas shot in the first ambush on March 23.

Ciro Algaranaz, owner of the Pincal farm, himself claims the honor of having first denounced the guerrillas, though this claim was made when he was held by the military authorities for suspected complicity. He had had his suspicions of them for some time, he said, because of their nocturnal activities. Loaded jeeps came up the trail past his farm on their way to the Casa Calamina and returned empty. At first Algaranaz had thought that they were cocaine smugglers and in December, 1966, he had denounced them as such to the military. Two officers inspected the Casa Calamina on two separate occasions, but found nothing suspicious. One of them took away Coco Peredo's revolver. Algaranaz then sent one of his employees to scout around, but this was no more successful, since the man, Tomás Rosales, was in the service of the guerrillas. Algaranaz was later arrested and tried alongside Debray, on charges of providing the guerrillas with food.

A third story is that a Cuban named Marcos, worried for the safety of Guevara, who had gone on an exploratory expedition to the north of the Rio Grande, went out of the camp at Nancahuazú and, because he was a foreigner, aroused suspicion in the neighboring villages. When the army came to investigate, a student with the guerrillas fired off a shot in fright, thus revealing the hideout. According to Debray's evidence, Guevara got back on March 20, three days before the first ambush.

In any case, word would eventually have got out; indeed, considering the scale of their operations, it is surprising that the guerrillas managed to survive undetected for so long. By early March, tales were flying round La Paz to the effect that something strange was going on in the southeastern corner of the country. A member of the government told the Catholic newspaper, *Presencia,* that armed bands were forming in the Santa Cruz region (250 miles to the north of Lagunillas) organized by POR, PRIN and the pro-Chinese Communist Party. This news was subsequently denied by the government, but after two weeks of rumors about guerrillas and unusual troop movements, *Presencia* announced on March 21 that Castro-Communist guerrillas were operating in the country.

Two days later, troops investigating a reach of the Nancahuazú, upstream from the Casa Calamina, ran into a well-prepared ambush. In the narrow gorges, the army had little chance against the hidden guerrillas. Seven soldiers were killed and seven more captured, including a major and a captain. Two weeks later, on April 4, the military crossed the river from south to north and came upon the guerrillas' encampment—now deserted. On April 11, they ran into the second ambush at Iripiti, some miles downstream, where eleven soldiers were killed and nineteen under the command of Maj. Ruben Sanchez were captured. All prisoners were subsequently released.

Meanwhile the guerrillas had been joined by an Argentinian leftist, Ciro Roberto Bustos, and by Régis Debray, a 26-year-old French Marxist, a product of the Ecole Normale, professor of philosophy at the University of Havana, and author of a recent book on the theory and strategy of guerrilla movement, *Revolution in the Revolution?* Debray was later at some pains to point out that he had not "joined" the guerrillas but had sought them out as a journalist. He explained his position in a press conference on August 14:

> I was sent here by M. Maspero [the French publisher] and by the Mexican magazine, *Sucesos.* It was M. Maspero who gave me the instructions how to get here. The idea of my trip was to interview Che Guevara. This interview should have lasted only a short time, but for quite understandable reasons—that Sr. Bustos and I have already explained many times—we found ourselves in a guerrilla situation without knowing it and without warning. Our exits had been blocked, and of course we insisted that we should get away from the guerrilla zone as soon as possible.
>
> I entered Bolivia in the first few days of March. In accordance with the instructions given me by M. Maspero, I met a Bolivian, a certain Andrés, one Tuesday at six in the evening. I had the same instructions as Sr. Bustos, and we came together after we had been introduced to a woman, whose name I later learnt from the press, who introduced herself to me with the name of Tania. It was she who brought us here.

Debray was then asked if he had seen Che Guevara and when. He replied that he had certainly seen him at the end of March. When asked what Che had been doing, he replied: "Well, he is a guerrilla leader. He is a responsible politician. I don't think he's ever tried to hide either his intentions or his views."

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"Was he organizing the guerrillas?" asked a persistent journalist. Debray replied that Guevara had been consulted and chosen by the Bolivians who had elected him freely. Guevara had accepted their offer.

Debray and Bustos left the guerrilla-controlled area of Ayango in the early hours of April 20, together with George Andrew Roth—a free-lance Anglo-Chilean photographer who had arrived the previous day. They were picked up by agents of the DIC (the Criminal Investigation Department) as they were walking down the main street of Muyupampa. A few moments after their capture, Debray was recognized by a certain Salustio "Choque Choque"—a former miner, soldier and recent deserter from the guerrillas. He claimed that he had seen Debray in the camp at Nancahuazú, and he denounced him as a guerrilla to the army. The three men were then handed over by the DIC to the military authorities. Choque Choque was one of the Bolivians who gave evidence against Debray at his trial.

Fortunately for the three men, a journalist from *Presencia* was in the town and took photographs of them. Otherwise they might have disappeared without trace. They were subsequently beaten up, dumped in various prisons, and held incommunicado until the beginning of July. It seems fairly clear that the army had actually received an order to kill Debray and that this was rescinded only after the arrival in Bolivia of his mother, Mme. Janine Debray, on May 6.

What exactly were Debray and Bustos doing? When they were captured, Debray had no notes of an interview with Che, and no photographs. Bustos, who was traveling under an assumed name, had large quantities of money sewn inside his jacket. According to Debray, the interview was in his head, and since Che had felt that Debray was bound to be questioned sooner or later it was decided that the films should be sent straight to Paris from Nancahuazú.

Bustos' story is a good deal stranger. In an interview with a correspondent of *El Diario* of La Paz on July 8, he admitted that he had arrived in La Paz on February 28 for the purpose of attending a "political meeting." It was not held there, however, and instead he journeyed to Cochabamba and then to Sucre. From there, in the company of Debray, he entered the guerrilla zone on March 6. He claims that although he had connections with leftist political circles in Argentina, he was not a member of any political party, and discovered who Debray was only at the last moment. He felt that he had been deceived by those who had brought him to the "political meeting," but when he wanted to leave the guerrilla zone, he found that he had been overtaken by events—the ambush at Nancahuazú on March 23. When Guevara turned up on March 20, Bustos immediately recognized him from his photographs. In two private discussions Guevara explained that he was trying to create a nucleus of a revolutionary army as a first step toward involving the entire continent. Bustos also said that he had read Debray's book and had attended a collective reading of selections from it during an indoctrination class at which Che Guevara, Debray himself, and a Quechua-speaking Bolivian were in charge of the discussion.

It must be emphasized that Bustos is not a wholly reliable witness. He has told a number of conflicting stories, and in the weeks immediately preceding the trial refused to see the press, which by this time was seeking clarifications. In addition, nobody knows whether, and if so to what extent, he has been collaborating with the military authorities. The main charge against him on this score is that he drew some ten or twenty sketches from memory of leading guerrillas, which are now in the hands of the army. They are astonishingly accurate. It is also often said that he received better treatment than the other prisoners. Lending color to these stories is a belief that his two infant daughters may be in the hands of the Argentine police. Bearing all these rumors in mind, one has to take anything Bustos says with a good deal more than a grain of salt.

One other figure in the story deserves mention. Jorge Vásquez Viana was a university student and a son of one of Bolivia's most distinguished historians. It may have been he who fired the frightened random shot in March and alerted the soldiers. He is said to have been shot by a farmer in May while trying to collect food. He was captured by the army, taken to hospital and fed through a tube for fifteen days at the end of which time he underwent a ten-hour operation. One story alleges that he was then interviewed by United States intelligence in the person of a Puerto Rican, who was so clever that he persuaded Vásquez to believe him an emissary from Fidel. Vásquez thus felt free to discuss the presence of Che in Nancahuazú. He was reported to be extremely defiant, treating his captors with the utmost contempt and accusing them of having "sold" themselves to United States imperialism. Later, he was taken from the hospital by the military and, it is said, beaten so severely that he died. The army gave out the story that he had escaped, and issued an appeal to him to give himself up. His name was put forward for trial with Debray and the others. But there seems to be little doubt that he was killed while under arrest.

The Band on the Run

For two months, from March 23 until June 4, the guerrillas remained in the area of Nancahuazú, making a few sallies to the east, to the railway, and to the south, to Muyupampa and Monteagudo. They must have split up into small groups, for by the middle of April, guerrillas had been reported in the zones of Yacunday, Taperillas, Caripote, Ticucha, El Meson, Iti, Itimiri and others. At all these places there were minor clashes. In May, the guerrillas appeared in still other regions and it was about this time that word began to percolate through to official circles in La Paz that Che Guevara was with them.

Then at the beginning of June, a group of about twenty-seven began moving northward up the railway line, reaching the neighborhood of Abapo—out of the clutches of the Fourth Division of the army into the area of the Eighth, just north of the Rio Grande. Since then, the principal group has been operating within a rough quadrilateral, bordered on the north by the asphalted road from Santa Cruz to Cochabamba; on the west by

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the bad but passable road from Mataral through Vallegrande to Pucara; to the south by the Rio Grande, and to the east by the Santa Cruz-Yacuiba railway. The area has two important rivers, both of which flow into the Rio Grande; the Masicuri flowing south and the Moroco west. The whole region is mountainous, covered in jungle, and broken up by deep ravines. There are virtually no roads; only paths and occasional beaten trails. Very few people live there.

On July 3, a *campesino* told the military unit at Bermejo that the guerrillas were in this very difficult country. However, Col. Reque Teran, since May the commander of the Fourth Division based in Camiri, believed that there were still some twenty guerrillas left in the zone of Nancahuazú, and so the beginning of July saw "Operation Cynthia"—named after his daughter—which was designed to mop up this group that had been left behind.

The main party in Reque Teran's area consisted of about ten guerrillas led by the Cuban "Joaquin," and included the girl Tania. They appear to have been extremely hard pressed during July and August. Tania was believed to be very ill, having nightmares, and may well have been on the verge of a nervous breakdown. One story concerning their adventures is worth repeating. The guerrillas had gone to a small farm and bought some food from the peasant who lived there. They tried to win him over to their cause. "When the National Liberation Army triumphs," they said, "you will have tractors, schools, and even a university."

"What's a university?" asked the peasant.

The spokesman for the guerrillas replied that it was a place where high school students went to study.

"And who are high school students?"

"Those who have finished secondary school."

"And where are they going to come from?"

"They will have to come from you, yourselves."

And the guerrillas went on their way. Che was not a member of this group, but at some stage during those months he wrote in his diary that the peasants were like rocks. "When you look into their eyes you can see that they don't believe."

On July 6, at ten o'clock in the evening, the northernmost group of guerrillas moved into Las Cuevas, on the Santa Cruz-Cochabamba road. The authorities in Santa Cruz became aware of this and telephoned the military unit in Samaipata to move along the road to Las Cuevas. The guerrillas, however, listened in on the telephone conversation and were aware of the troop movements. They commandeered a bus—full, apparently, of students from the university of Oruro—and just after midnight arrived in Samaipata. The officer in charge there was at that moment issuing ammunition to his troops. He heard the sound of a motor and, without picking up his rifle, went out to investigate. Apparently in the subsequent scuffle a rifle went off. A soldier was killed and Guevara was nicked, narrowly escaping serious injury. The guerrillas stopped at the telegraph office on the main road, tore down the wires and inquired where they could find drugs. They wanted something for asthma (from which Che suffered), and antibiotics.

Trapped in the River

Meanwhile, the group of ten, which included Tania and Joaquin, had been moving north, out of the encircling net cast by Col. Reque Teran. They reappeared on August 29 in Puesto Mauricio, on the east bank of the Masicuri just where it flows into the Rio Grande some way upstream from the Nancahuazú. At six o'clock in the evening the dogs began to bark in the little farm, and three or four guerrillas appeared. They found three peasants there eating their evening meal. The guerrillas bought a few things from the peasants, meanwhile holding them prisoner. What they did not know was that these peasants were soldiers in disguise.

One of them managed to escape and walked through the night barefoot to La Laja. The troops there hurried back to Puesto Mauricio, where the ranch owner said that he had agreed to show the guerrillas where to cross the river the following day. So the officer placed six men on one side of the river and twenty-three on the other, and they waited from six in the morning till five at night. Then one guerrilla, "Braulio," appeared. He crossed the river and looked to see if all was well. Then he waved to the others to follow—ten in all. When they were all in the river, the shooting began. They tried to throw off their rucksacks to fire back, but it was impossible in the breast-high water. The last two, Tania and Joaquin, were able to fire back, but only momentarily.

The death of Tania and Joaquin was the first really serious blow that the guerrillas had suffered in five months of fighting. Joaquin was a veteran from the Sierra Maestra; on hearing of Tania's death, Che wrote in his diary that he felt as though he had lost a child. Tania carried an Argentine passport, but one story says she came from Sucre. In the early stages of the guerrilla preparations, she ran a "Miss Lonelyhearts" radio show

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in Camiri, using it as a means of communication to the guerrillas.

About this time, the northern group, led by Che and Coco Peredo, reappeared near La Laja. It moved toward Citanas and, finally on September 24, entered the small hamlet of Alto Seco. At five o'clock in the morning, when the first villagers emerged, they found that their whole village had been taken over by the guerrillas. The first thing the strangers did was to inquire for the telephone, which was in the house of the magistrate. They entered the house and cut the line, although in fact the telephone had not been working for some weeks. About an hour later the guerrilla "chief" arrived. The local peasants said that he came on a mule. He was of medium height, with long hair. It seemed that he was ill, as they had to help him dismount.

The guerrillas bought food and clothing and then set up camp about 200 meters from the village in an abandoned and half-destroyed house. There were between twenty-five and thirty of them and they spent the day resting. That evening at 8:30 they organized a meeting in the school, presided over by Coco Peredo and Che Guevara. Coco spoke first:

> You must think that we're mad to fight like this. They say that we are bandits, but in fact we are fighting for you, for the working class, for the workers who earn little, while the soldiers get large wages. You are only working for them. What have they ever done for you? Why, only just now we cut the telephone, thinking that it worked. Now it appears that it didn't even work. Here you don't have water; you don't have electric light. You have been abandoned like all Bolivians. That's why we're fighting.

Coco finished by appealing to his listeners to join up with the guerrillas until "the final overthrow of Barrientos." But Guevara interrupted him: "We want you to come of your own free will, not by force. We never use force, but anyone who wants to come will be well received."

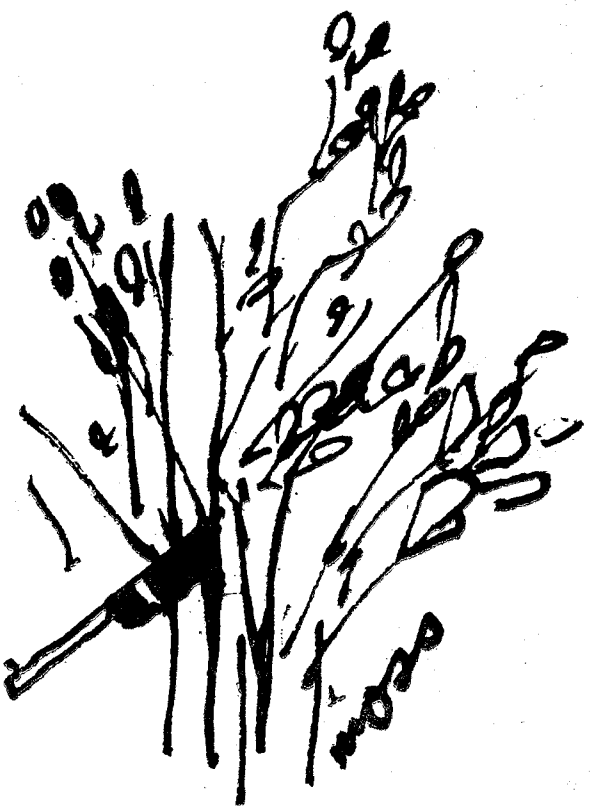
Then Che began his speech. He said that the bodies of Tania and Joaquin and the other guerrillas killed in the ambush at the end of August and exhibited by the army in Vallegrande were false. "The army says that it has killed Joaquin and others of our comrades. But this is a lie; it's only army propaganda. The corpses they showed in Vallegrande were brought from the cemeteries. They didn't kill guerrillas. This I can assure you because only a couple of days ago I was in communication with Joaquin."

After talking for half an hour, Che wound up his speech: "In every country we shall continue fighting to liberate it from American oppression. You have heard of Santo Domingo. It is a country like Bolivia. There, the Americans went in and killed many peasants who were only asking for a better life. The same will happen here. That's why we're fighting."

Later in the evening, one of the peasants approached a young beardless guerrilla and asked whether he could join. "Don't be crazy," came the reply, "can't you see that we've had it? Why, we don't even know how to get out of here." The following day the band sallied forth in the direction of Higueras, but there on September 26 they ran into the Bolivian army. Coco and two others (one of them the Cuban Antonio) were killed.

Things were indeed very difficult for the guerrillas at this stage, owing to the fact that Colonel Zenteno, the commander of the Eighth Division and former foreign minister, had thrown into the fight 600 fresh Bolivian "Ranger" troops, who had just completed their training with United States Special Forces. And in September, also, the guerrillas suffered perhaps their most disastrous blow—the discovery of the urban network that had financed and supported them.

Ever since March, the army had had remarkable luck in turning up guerrilla caches hidden in the jungle. In August, they were led to another by an informer or guerrilla renegade called Hugo Choque Silva. In this they found among a number of photographs one of an exceptionally attractive girl, taken at the camp at Nancahuazú where she sits between Coco and Inti Peredo. The photograph was handed over to the DIC, and they identified her as Loyola Guzman, a philosophy student at the University of San Andrés in La Paz. They seized her and held her for twenty days before making her whereabouts known. In the meantime, not knowing that she had been captured, the guerrillas continued to send her messages. The authorities were finally forced to announce that they had caught her after she had tried to commit suicide by jumping out of a third-floor window. She had been the treasurer of the guerrilla movement and, apart from Tania, was the only girl who had gone out to the guerrillas with money and messages. On one occasion she walked for four or five days into the jungle to find them. Many other people were arrested with her. Thus by the time of the two clashes near Higueras—one on September 26 when Coco died and the other on October 8 when



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Che was wounded—the guerrillas were already dead as an effective political force.

Security, Tactics and Ideology

What went wrong? First, the guerrillas seem to have had extremely slipshod security arrangements. Much of the urban network appears to have been run by university students who were not accustomed to keeping their mouths shut. Altogether too much photography went on in the camp at Nancahuazú. Doubtless they all wished to register the fact of their presence with the guerrillas for posterity, and obviously they assumed that they were going to win. Nevertheless, a zeal for snapshots does seem to have been a major tactical error. In addition, one story suggests that the Cubans left the burying of the documents to unreliable elements among the Bolivians, who told the army where the things were hidden.

Second, there were serious differences among the guerrillas. Debray has stated that he had some disagreement with them about the strategy outlined in his book, particularly with regard to military tactics. He is on record as preferring a mobile strategy with no fixed bases, whereas the Bolivians preferred the idea of setting up "liberated areas" as the Vietcong have done, and as the Colombian guerrillas did some years ago. The first is somewhat negative, since it would thus seem that the guerrillas' only task is to survive. The second is more dangerous because it enables the army to concentrate its force against a single area. The guerrilla must then choose between fighting and losing or abandoning the peasants whom he has recruited to the brunt of the army's attack.

A more serious difference appears to have arisen between the guerrillas and the Communists. And the Chinese faction seems to have been as much to blame as the Russian. One can assume that the leaders—Che and the Peredo brothers—had no wish to embrace either position. Che wrote in his April letter to the Tricontinental: "We know that the world which is struggling for freedom is stirred by great controversies, and we cannot hide the fact. We also know that they have acquired a nature and bitterness which make a dialogue, and reconciliation, appear difficult if not impossible. . . . In view of the virulence and stubborn attitudes with which each cause is defended, we, the dispossessed, cannot advocate one way or the other of expressing differences, even though at times we agree with the arguments of one side or the other, or with those of one side more than with those of the other." But on one subject there is need for intransigence, the great strategic objective is "the total destruction of imperialism by means of combat."

Third, there appears to have been a clash on ultimate objectives between the Bolivians and the Cubans. Che Guevara was the apostle of the continental revolution. He wanted to use Bolivia as a springboard from which the revolution could jump off into Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay and Peru—all neighboring countries crying out for change. But the primary goal of the Bolivians, and the political interests in La Paz that were supporting the guerrillas, was revolution in Bolivia. It was a divergence, bound to affect strategy and tactics.

All this might not have mattered if Bolivia had been a country in a more revolutionary situation. But one may question just how revolutionary Bolivia is at the present moment. If it is so inclined, its situation is unique among revolutionary countries in that it went through a revolution that was real enough only fifteen years ago.

At that time, the upper classes fled; the army was disbanded; and by means of enfranchisement and agrarian reform large numbers of Indians—the predominant element in the population—were brought into the framework of a modern society. But the direction of the revolution was at best uncertain, and the leaders soon fell out among themselves. The Movimiento Nacional Revolucionario, the great party that had pioneered these changes, splintered under the corrupting pressures of power. Its leaders are now in exile.

Bolivian miner

The developing effect of the agrarian reform, and the attitude of the peasants toward it today, is the more important because the miners, the other potentially radical element in Bolivian society, are temporarily out of the struggle. Until recently, the miners appeared to be solidly behind the guerrillas. Propaganda in favor of the armed struggle poured out from the radio stations in the mines. Within the great tin mine at Siglo Veinte there was a shooting range at which miners trained for guerrilla warfare. At union meetings, miners were urged to give money to the guerrilla cause.

But last June President Barrientos clamped down. The radio transmitters were silenced, and dozens of uninvolved people were shot along with miners. Apart from those who have been driven by unemployment to join the

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guerrillas, support by the miners is now more tacit than active, although a large proportion of the army is needed to keep them neutralized.

The peasants are more an unknown quantity, for it is almost impossible to assess the impact of the agrarian reform initiated by the 1952 revolution. It reached certain regions successfully, but in others was abortive, and in some places never penetrated at all. It would be surprising if the picture were different: problems of subsistence agriculture cannot be solved simply by passing a law.

But more serious than simple backwardness and procrastinations is the fact that since 1964, when Barrientos drove his former leader, Victor Paz Estenssoro, from the country, the old landowners have in some places been creeping back, from Argentina and elsewhere, to reclaim their land and their hold over the peasantry. There are indications that in some areas administration of the post-revolutionary laws now benefits the landlord more than the peasant, and in many cases peasants are having to buy their land, instead of acquiring it by right. Unobtrusively, radical leaders of peasant unions have been replaced by more pliable men.

All this, if it is taking place on a large scale, could eventually produce a critical disaffection in the population, but one must conclude that at present much of the peasantry is too cynical, if not actually demoralized by unkept promises, to be an effectively radical political force. The rest are probably happy with the gains already made, and content for the moment to support Barrientos, who can never openly oppose the achievements of the 1952 revolution, which he helped to make, however much he may be bringing back the pre-1952 men to bolster his own rather shaky political position. In some regions, Barrientos can actually rally armed peasants to demonstrate against the guerrillas.

The fact that the agrarian reforms in some circumstances operate against the peasant is an obvious parallel with the situation in South Vietnam in the 1950s when land reform, by reinforcing the power of the landlords, actually increased the alienation of rural population from the Diem regime. And like Vietnam, Bolivia has been propped up, both financially and militarily, by the United States. Its economy has been in the hands of Americans ever since 1952: military assistance began in 1958, under President Siles Zuazo, just at the time when the miners were being deprived of their weapons and the People's Militias—set up by Paz Estenssoro—were being dissolved.

In 1965 anti-guerrilla training began. Then it was called "counterinsurgency"; now it is "internal defense and development." The Americans trained two regiments at Viacho (La Paz) to look after the capital. Then one alpine battalion was trained and based at Challacollo (Oruro) to watch the mines. A Ranger battalion was placed in Cochabamba to control the peasants, and a group schooled in river tactics was set down in the far north at Riberalta, the Americans having been led to believe that this was the area where guerrillas were coming in from Peru. Finally, this year, another Ranger battalion was trained at La Esperanza outside Santa Cruz.

In the middle of September, before the death of Coco Peredo and Che, when the outlook of the guerrillas still looked reasonably rosy, I asked a Catholic priest whether Bolivia might be developing into a new Vietnam. He laughed and said, No, this wasn't really necessary. The Americans did not have to send in arms and troops. They needed only to supply intelligence agents.

I am sure this is the key to the course of events in Bolivia. It is most unlikely that the urban network was discovered by the unaided efforts of Bolivian military intelligence. It seems improbable that the Bolivians thought up the idea of sowing the guerrilla zone with soldiers dressed up as peasants. And the evidence that Guevara was in Bolivia, which the Bolivian Foreign Minister presented at a recent OAS conference, was almost certainly obtained by men who were not Bolivians. On the day Guevara died, and the week before as well, the CIA was well represented in Vallegrande.

The Death of Che

Only two points remain: The mystery surrounding the actual circumstance of Guevara's death, and the effect that the Bolivian failure will have on the future theory and practical development of the armed struggle. The battle which ended in Che Guevara's death began at about 1:30 in the afternoon of Sunday, October 8. About seventeen guerrillas, led by Che, were in a narrow valley about 2 kilometers from Higueras and 30 from Vallegrande. A group of Rangers spotted them and opened fire. Che was hit in the legs and his rifle knocked from his hand. Willy, an ex-miner, managed to get Guevara onto a mule, and while his comrades gave covering fire, escaped with him from the valley. But when they paused to rest, other soldiers appeared. Willy reached for his gun—too late; he was shot. Guevara then said to the soldiers: "Don't kill me. I'm Che Guevara. I'm worth more to you alive than dead." The soldiers approached him and found that his asthma was making it difficult for him to breathe.

They took him the few kilometers to Higueras, from where it would have been possible for a helicopter to carry him to Vallegrande. But the final helicopter of the day had already left. Guevara's condition grew steadily worse and he died early the next morning. His last words were, "You are from the Rangers, aren't you? Everywhere we go, we meet troops."

That is the official version, which I was initially inclined to believe for want of conflicting evidence. But another version now appears more probable. It is best summed up in the words of *Time*:

> At Quebrada del Yuro, Che was loaded onto a stretcher and carried five miles to the town of Higueras. Informed of his capture, army leaders in La Paz, the capital, wondered what to do with him. Since Bolivia has no death penalty, Che, at worst, would go off to prison—perhaps only after a long, noisy trial, a propaganda outcry from the whole Communist bloc and the threat that other guerrillas might streak into Bolivia and make a cause of him. The next day, orders came down to Higueras to execute Che. He was shot two hours later.

The evidence to support this is that the two doctors

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who examined his body on the Monday said there was a bullet through his heart that would have killed him almost instantaneously. Therefore there could have been no question of his having died of his untended wounds. The doctors later withdrew these remarks, probably under pressure from the military. Additional evidence was provided by the correspondent in La Paz of the Chilean Communist daily paper, *El Siglo*:

> The assassination of Che Guevara, at the order of the Bolivian military leaders, was effected with the direct participation of the CIA. A CIA agent, of Cuban origin, who had once fought in the Sierra Maestra, where he had known Che, had the task of identifying Guevara before the order to kill him had been fulfilled. The CIA agent was taken to where Che was, in a little hut in Higueras guarded by six Bolivian officers, and it was he who informed Che of the decision to kill him.
>
> "Then, tell them to aim straight," replied Che.
>
> The CIA man left the hut with one of the officers and told them officially of his conclusion: "It's Che." The officer returned and gave the order. Guevara was shot, standing upright, with a serene and defiant attitude, and with his right hand holding his pipe in his mouth.

When I was in Vallegrande, we were led to understand that two CIA men were in the town. The one that we saw was called Ramos. He, however, spent the morning in Vallegrande, and presumably was not present at the death of Che. Circumstantial evidence—a hotel register in La Paz—suggests that he carried a United States passport, but was accompanied by a man who was a Cuban.

The Future of Resistance

It is easy to conclude that with the death of Guevara and the virtual annihilation of the Bolivian guerrillas the strategy of the armed struggle is over. But this would be to overestimate the effect of setbacks on the minds of Latin America's would-be guerrillas. The prospect for

(Continued on page 531)

DEATH OF SEVEN ZIPPERHEADS

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt, Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster), has recently returned from his second trip to Southeast Asia.*

I was speaking to a Vietcong who had been captured by the Americans and who said he would fight for us now.

"Why?"

"Because you too strong."

"You mean the Americans are winning?"

"Now, yes."

"If tomorrow the Vietcong were winning would you again fight for the Vietcong?"

"Yes."

I thought there had been a misunderstanding of my question so I told the interpreter to ask it again. "Yes," and all the American soldiers laughed but it was a dry, humorless laugh.

There were six 105 howitzers on our hill, used mostly for interdiction and harassment, but now they were being used on seven guerrilla partisans at a range of about 4 miles in the folds of the mountain across the small sea of rice paddies.

"Are they enemy definites," I said, "or could they be peasants?"

"Who gives a fuck?" the American corporal said. "All the zipperheads was told to stay out of the hills."

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I asked the American captain how he knew the Vietcong turncoat was not a double agent.

"We watch him closely," the captain said. The Vietcong turncoats were called Kit Carson Scouts, the captain told me. He also said they go through a very extensive screening program and are well paid. "Well motivated," the captain said. "He put us wise to those seven we're firing at now. We got a recon patrol out there giving us their position. We're not doing any good. We been firing at them all morning." And then he said, "I'm going to call in air for napalm."

"Napalm?"

I told the interpreter to tell the VC that the captain was calling in napalm on his buddies. What did he think?

The VC wanted to know if it was necessary.

"As sure as shit," the corporal said.

The VC understood this English and said, "Fuck me."

"You're well paid," the captain said.

The howitzers were silent while we waited for the air strike of napalm. It was all very silent. We watched the VC Kit Carson Scout. He weighed 91 pounds, was 26 years old, had served with the VC three years, with the Americans three months, had SPEEDY written on his camouflaged jacket, was called Our Pet Monkey by the Americans. Speedy was about to vomit.

Speedy said in Vietnamese that he wanted to go down in the bunker. He pointed down.

The captain pointed up.

The white gunnery sergeant, who wore a button which said "The Spirit of 67" (it was given away by the thousands by some traveling movie star for morale or something), nodded his head in agreement, and the black corporal on the sandbags sitting above the VC who wore a button he had brought from the States and which everyone thought extremely humorous—it said "We Shall Overkill"—nodded too, and Speedy turned green.

"Air is slow," the captain said.

The Spirit of 67 agreed and We Shall Overkill agreed. Everyone agreed that the napalm was slow. Everyone agreed excepting the Pet Monkey.

"A beautiful day," I said stupidly.

"Where's Air?" the captain said watching where I watched.

"Where's the action?" the Spirit of 67 said.

"It's coming," We Shall Overkill said. "I'm coming and his head is bended low," he said, pointing to Our Pet Monkey.

"When?"

"Now."

Three Phantom jets flashed over and three silver canisters flashed out, three fire bombs flashed up, and the day was all afire.

The white sergeant said to the black corporal, "Burn, Baby, burn," and the black corporal looked down and studied his jungle boots and Our Pet Monkey threw up all over the Spirit of 67, and the captain said, "Perfect. That was perfect." We Shall Overkill leaned back so far I thought he would come off the sandbag parapet and said, "Shit, man, shit," and then he said down to Our Pet Monkey, the Kit Carson Scout, "Behave yourself, man. Behave yourself. We are being visited by a gentleman of the press."

Guevara *(Continued from page 530)*

violent revolution has never looked particularly rosy anywhere on the continent. Before March, when the Bolivian guerrillas first became news, guerrilla movements were in a state of rereat. In Peru they had been wiped out. In Venezuela, Colombia and Guatemala they were on the defensive, facing internal dissensions, as well as the external enemy. And yet in spite of these discouragements many people were prepared to support the armed struggle. The outbreak in Bolivia and the foundation of the Organization for Latin American Solidarity (OLAS) encouraged them, and the failure of the first and the impotence of the second are unlikely to deter those with revolutionary fire in their bellies. For such people, the death of Guevara will be an inspiration and a challenge, rather than proof that the strategy is wrong.

Some have already begun to argue that Guevara was mistaken to choose Bolivia, where the peasants are essentially conservative and eager to hold onto such gains as the 1952 revolution gave them. But this is to miss the point: the armed struggle seeks to "create the conditions" for a successful revolution. According to the thesis of Debray, the guerrillas must not be afraid to venture into areas where they cannot really move around "like fish in the water." In eastern Bolivia, in any case, there is very little "water." The guerrilla zone was notable for its lack of population. Certainly some of the peasants whom the guerrillas encountered were hostile, but no more so than those in Cuba during the first six months in the Sierra Maestra. The initial stages of a guerrilla operation are invariably the most difficult—in Argentina one such was destroyed in Salta even before it had emerged from the secret stage. The Bolivian guerrillas were unlucky not to have survived longer, for although Bolivia is not a typical military dictatorship, and President Barrientos is not cast in the same "gorilla" mold as Ongania and Costa de Silva—the Presidents of Argentina and Brazil—the country is still in a potentially revolutionary situation.

The gains of the *campesinos* as a result of the land reform are by no means secure. Today, they may he indifferent, but tomorrow they will have to fight if they are to retain their rights. The present government, whatever its outward appearance, is fundamentally hostile to the interests of peasants and miners. The situation in the mines is almost a textbook case of capitalist oppression: the army has moved in, wages have been halved, the trade unions have been destroyed. Discontent is widespread, but lacks an effective outlet.

In these circumstances, the guerrillas' analysis of Bolivia's revolutionary potential was not so wide of the mark. Their mistake, perhaps, was to fail to consider how the spark from their center was to set the country ablaze. They chose for their effort to "create the conditions" for revolution an area of peasant indifference, and that made their lives in the jungle exceptionally hazardous. Even Che Guevara, the most important exponent of guerrilla warfare since Mao and Giap, the most romantic revolutionary figure since Leon Trotsky, and the greatest Latin American since Bolívar, found the task beyond him.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Four Ballads of Wolf Biermann

TRANSLATIONS by ERIC BENTLEY

The East German poet and balladier, Wolf Biermann, was born in Hamburg in 1936 of Jewish background. He went to East Berlin in 1953 out of sympathy for the Deutsche Demokratische Republik, then in its infancy, and was a member of the party until he was read out of it in 1963 on the occasion of his writing a particularly critical poem, "To the Old Comrades." He wrote his first poems and songs in the late 1950s and became known to a small circle in the early 1960s, singing and reciting his satirical verse in rented halls, universities and writers clubs in both Germanys. But in December, 1965, there was a cultural crisis in East Germany and government spokesmen began to see a threat to DDR principles in what some of its artists were saying. Biermann was repeatedly denounced and was placed under *Hausverbot*. Since he had never been allowed to perform on the radio or TV in East Germany, this was a complete ban. Only in a book—*The Wire Harp*—published in West Berlin, can he be read; only on a record put out in West Germany can he be heard.

This was protested in a *Nation* editorial written by Eric Bentley (January 10, 1966). Later in the year Joan Baez refused to sing in East Berlin unless Biermann was given special permission to attend. (He was.) But things have not got better since. Although Pete Seeger was given an ovation at his concert in East Berlin, his visit was followed by official complaints about the kind of songs he sings. *We Shall Overcome* was declared totally unacceptable, and a TV tape which Joan Baez had made there was never broadcast.

Biermann however has made it perfectly clear to Western friends that he does not wish to be "useful to the anti-Communist side in the cold war—let alone in the Vietnamese hot war." He regards himself as a Communist, and has said that, even if he could, he would not flee to West Berlin, "not if the streets were lined with gold."

The poems below are from a group which Eric Bentley has been reading and singing at various gatherings in New York during the past two years, and on October 6 of this year the B.B.C. (London) broadcast a forty-minute Biermann program arranged and presented by Eric Bentley. The poems will appear in *The Wire Harp*, a collection of Wolf Biermann's songs and ballads, translated by Eric Bentley, to be published by Harcourt, Brace & World early in 1968.

BALLAD ON THE POET FRANCOIS VILLON

1

My elder brother Frank Villon
Lives with me as my lodger.
When people come to case the joint
Villon, the artful dodger,
Hides in the closet, solaced with
The wine he loves the most
And waits until the coast is clear.
But it's an unclear coast.

He stinks, the poet, though he must
Have smelled like rose or dahlia
Ere like a dog they buried him—
How many centuries earlier?
And when a friend's there and maybe
Three lovely girls, he'll climb
Out of the closet where he hides
And booze till breakfast time

And on occasion will sing songs
Stories and ballads many.
If he forgets the words I prompt
Him out of Brecht's Threepenny.

2

My elder brother Frank Villon
Suffered much persecution
From cops and churchmen who alike
Desired his execution.

Despite his age he laughs and cries
And tells tall tales and, oh,
How he will fall a-cursing at
The thought of Fat Margot!

What did she do? I ask but don't
Press my interrogations.
It's a long time ago and he
With all those supplications
With supplications Villon has
Quite often wriggled out
Of dungeon and of prison tower:
Of that there is no doubt.

With all those supplications he
Ofttimes escaped the noose.
He did not wish his neck to feel
His rear end swinging loose.

3

The vanity of rulers had
For him a smell infernal.
Into some asshole he would creep
And then make it eternal.
Oh yes, my roommate Frank Villon
He laid it on the line
So long as he had good fresh air,
Grub, and a glass of wine.

While stealing or while kissing he
Fine shameless songs would sing
As free as bird in wood; but now
He sits there stammering.
The vodka schnapps from Adlershof
Just brings on his migraine.
**ND is hard for him to read*
—The German gives him pain.

They taught him Latin when he was
A child at school but when
Villon got older he preferred
The speech of simpler men.

4

If Mary visits me at night
Frank Villon, for our sins,
Goes strolling on the Wall which scares
The guards out of their skins.
The bullets pass right through Villon
But not a drop of blood
Flows from the bullet holes they make,
Just red wine in a flood.

Then for a joke he makes a harp
Out of the Wall's barbed wire
The guards accompany the tune
And keep time when they fire.
And only when I am almost
Drained dry by good Marie

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And she gets up to go to work
Down in the town does he

Return and cough up several pounds
Of lead with much to-do.
He curses yet is full of un-
derstanding for us two.

5
But nothing here can long be hid
And out came the whole story.
There's Order in our land just as
In Seven Dwarf territory.
There came a bang upon my door
One morning around three:
Our people's own police had sent
Three of their men to me.

They said to me, Herr Biermann, you
Are well known to us all.
You're loyal to the DDR,
You'll hear your country's call.
Is it not true—now don't be scared—
That for about a year
There has lived here a certain Frank
Fillonk who's got red hair?

He's a subversive and at night
Has offered provocation
To border guards. At this point I
Made this mild declaration:

6
"With his fresh songs he's tried to make
Of me an agitator.
I can tell you in confidence:
I do not like the traitor.
If I'd not just been reading what
***Kurella has asserted*
Of Kafka and the bat, I fear
I would have been subverted.

I'm glad you've come to get this crook.
He's hiding in the closet.
I gave up such impertinence
When I was—seven, was it?
I am a pious churchgoer,
A Caspar Milquetoast, I.
A docile citizen, I sing
Of flowers and softly sigh."

The cops then threw themselves upon
Poor Villon's closet door
But all they found was what he'd thrown
Up on the closet floor.

**Neues Deutschland,* the official party newspaper in East Germany.

**Alfred Kurella, a man who has held various cultural posts in East Germany during the past dozen years. Attending a Kafka Conference in Prague in 1962, he took the anti-Kafka side, remarking that if one swallow does not make a summer, this swallow, Franz Kafka, was in any case a bat.

EARLY MORNING

This morning as I lay cozily in bed
A rude bell-ringer snatched me from my sleep.
Furious and barefoot I ran to the door and opened it to
My son who
Since it was Sunday
Had gone out early for milk.

One has no use for those who come too soon.
But one drinks their milk.

BRIGITTE

I went to you
Your bed was empty.
I wanted to read
And thought of nothing,
To go to the movies
And knew the film.
I went to a bar
And was alone.
I was hungry
And had a couple of drinks.
I wanted to be alone
And was among people.
I wanted to breathe
And couldn't find the exit.
I saw a woman
Who is often here.
I saw a man
Who stared into his beer.
I saw two dogs
Who did what dogs do.
I saw human beings
Who laughed at this too.
I saw a man
Who fell in the snow
It didn't hurt him
He'd been drinking so.
And over the ice
The cold made me run
Through the alleys to you
To whom all this is unknown.

BALLAD OF THE MAN

(Who cut off both his feet with his own hands)

Once there was a man
Who stepped in with his foot
Stepped with his naked foot
Right in a heap of shit.

He was disgusted quite
By this one foot of his
And wanted with this foot
To walk not one yard more.

There was no water there
To wash this foot of his
For this one foot of his
There was no water there.

So this man took an axe
And hacked that foot right off
That foot he hacked right off
Hurriedly with his axe.

He hurried overmuch
It was the cleaner foot
It was the wrong foot that
He hurriedly chopped off.

Then he got in a rage
And so made up his mind
To chop off with his axe
The other foot as well.

The two feet both lay there
The two feet both grew cold
Chalk-white before them sat
Upon his rump the man.

The Party, it has chopped
So many a good foot off
So many a good foot
The Party has chopped off.

Yet, as is not the case
With the above-mentioned man,
In the Party's case sometimes
The foot grows on again.

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The Sunny Side of Marxism

THE WORK OF WILLIAM MORRIS. *By Paul Thompson. The Viking Press. 300 pp. $10.*

CALVIN BEDIENT
Mr. Bedient teaches literature at Emory University in Atlanta, Ga.

William Morris speaks to us from another climate of the mind. Let him open his mouth, and we shall contradict him, or listen in confusion, amazed. He believed that human beings could ripen to perfection, like berries in a garden; he believed in individual and collective human happiness, in a communal life buzzing with contented energy, like a hive of bees; he preached an existence that was nothing but play. The cold clay of communism warmed in his hands and, pulling it open, he seemed to find there the original spark of being, the timeless fire of paradise. The innocent pleasures of a happy animal, the pleasure of the eyes, pleasure in the purr of expended energy, the pleasure of being useful, the overflow of delight into art, an eager, eager life—all this natural happiness Morris saw coming in, like a lovely surfer, on the wave of class antagonism. He sat on his top hat and went out on the streets and said to men of "skinny and pitiful" lives: Prepare to live abundantly.

Morris brought to politics an appetitive eye, a love of sinuous design, and the easy sensuality of an animal (when his doctor restricted him to a single cup of tea, he submitted after securing an enormous cup). In Morris' feeling for art the conservative sense of the determined and the liberal sense of the unconditioned fused effortlessly. The orderly plenitude of his famous designs, their democratic profusion—it was this he wanted for the final "organization of man," this coalescence of discipline, grace and freedom. The lines of reaction and the lines of revolution in Morris, flying out in contrary directions, met again in the curvature of his desire. He injected the Marxist future with the costumes, the loving and inventive workmanship, the slow pace, the heartiness, the sub-eternity of 14th-century life. The love of art led him to the love of justice. If finally his vision of man was aesthetic, it was not apolitical. It absorbed politics and stood complete, a finished design.

So easy was Morris' faith in the fullness of being, so open, manly and direct, that it disarms us, tuned as we are to the invalided, dusky arguments of more recent prophets of pleasure—the mystical vitalism of Lawrence, the apocalyptic Freudianism of Marcuse and Brown. How sunny, sane and reassuringly commonplace Morris' Utopia is. To Morris the darkness visible in human nature was but the soot and stain of commercialism. Assure men of the simple necessities of life, convert their cities into gardens, give them a four-hour day, work that is varied, pleasant and useful, and they will be brothers. Hatred of life, injustice, crime—these will disappear. And so will the desire to dominate. How lovely and humane it is. But deafened, bombarded, as we are by lessons of our nastiness, how can we put any trust in it? Morris is too simple and sane for us. In his confident tones we hear none of our doubts, our self-suspicions.

Morris ran from end to end of the field of decoration, planting seed. But Paul Thompson instructs us to add that the ground was not so barren as many admirers of Morris have thought. Thompson's book rumbles with rumors of a general reassessment of Victorian art. It encircles Morris with inglorious but brilliant competitors; it takes a little of the luster from his fame. Recent researches, Thompson says, have "shown that Morris was closer to the best designers of his own period and less important in the evolution of the modern movement than had previously been thought." And like the leader of a jury, Thompson stands up to give a group verdict.

The verdict is not well worded. There are sentences in this book which should never have seen the ink—for example, "The dining room had plain panelled lower walls and wooden tables with white upper walls . . ." or "He began illuminating himself in 1856." Yet it is hard to imagine a gentler reassessment. For if Morris was not a pioneer in his practice, he was in his theory. And if he loses a halo for not having anticipated the modern, he gains another for having cast sparks of inspiration into the first artists of our century. Morris' artistic integrity, his enthusiasm and concern, the fact that he was "an educated and wealthy man who could have been famous simply as a poet, but who spent the greatest part of his energies in the furnishing crafts," won him the spectral immortality of influence and example. If he was not one of the great classics, then he was one of the great catalysts, of the ornamental arts.

Most of the facets of this diamond of a man pertain to decoration, from the design of print to the design of buildings; and it is just these facets that Thompson does not turn to the light—he does not make them glow, he conveys little zeal. The chapters on the decorative arts are hard to get through. Nothing is duller than pedestrian descriptions of designs that we have never seen. And as for the plates of illustration in the book, they are not cross-referenced with the text—you must hitch up your patience and go in search of them.

Thompson is more readable on the poetry, the prose and the political milieu, but here, despite his clarity and knowledge, we miss a sense of engagement, of depth, of point. Judgments are made in a vacuum, without perceptible standards. Thus Thompson says that Morris "wrote three great poems — *The Defence of Guenevere, The Lovers of Gudrun* and *Sigurd the Volsung*. But he was not a great poet; and the explanation was his own satisfaction, for he succeeded in reducing poetry to the level of mere craftsmanship in verse. . . ." But Thompson does not tell us what else poetry should be, or what makes three of the poems "great."

The truth is that Morris' poetry is—as Chesterton said—itself a kind of wallpaper, possessing length and breadth without thickness. Morris thought, he dreamed, with his eye. To him, all art is properly decoration. Art is like sunlight on a wall: it enhances but it does not interpret. Literature as the criticism of life—this, Morris might have said, is the art of an age of capital and labor, an art of the miserable. His own poems are as flat and hard, as cold and smooth, as lustrous and opaque as porcelain tiles. And if there is superiority in, say, the Volsung epic, the reason is that it is not Morris' poem but his translation. From the Norse saga Morris took more than a story; he took a world.

To Morris the Victorians were so eyeless, the conditions of work so inhumane, the people so brutal and pressed that the rainbow of beauty would never touch down in England until some storm had washed the country clean. Art, he believed, has "sympathy with cheerful freedom, openheartedness and reality. . . ." It is thus popular or it is nothing—the public fountain's dance of delight. He boarded the train of socialism because he thought it would stop at a place where streets would be as "beautiful as the woods," and where men, because they were happy in their work, would "bring forth decorative, noble, *popular* art." Where now there was death, life would bud out and proliferate, and the sign of life would be beauty.

Shaw, speaking of the Socialist movement of the eighties, said that Morris "was our one acknowledged Great Man." So leonine of mane that Shaw suspected him of spending at least a quarter of an hour every morning getting his hair just right, Morris was also leonine of heart, rejecting all compromise and giv-

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ing away ten years of his life to workers who would listen to him in the wind and the rain. Through his Socialist League, through the League's weekly, *Commonweal*, through lectures, through tireless effort, Morris became to young Socialists what he was to young craftsmen, an inspiration. It was from the League's stronghold in west Yorkshire, Thompson notes, that the Independent Labour Party sprang.

Whatever Morris touched quickened and sprouted, as under the warmth of a sun. He lived in a room without mirrors, a room always open to others, a room facing the view and the future; and even if he had not enjoyed his own life, drinking deep from that enormous cup, it would not have been wasted, for as his own John Ball says, ". . . he who doeth well in fellowship, and because of fellowship, shall not fail though he seem to fail today, but in days hereafter shall he and his work yet be alive, and men be holpen by them to strive again and yet again. . . ."

Upper Case Conservatism

THE CONSERVATIVE TRADITION IN AMERICA. *By Allen Guttmann. Oxford University Press. 214 pp. $6.*

LOUIS KAMPF

Mr. Kampf is an associate professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His book, On Modernism: The Prospects for Literature and Freedom *(MIT Press) has just been published.*

One reason American radicals, unlike their French counterparts, tend to be so readily absorbed into the liberal consensus is our apparent freedom from the threat of the radical Right. Apparent, I say: for surely the ready acceptance of this myth reflects the genius of American ideology rather than social or political fact. The ideological fog was thickest during the McCarthy years when not only Sidney Hook and Irving Kristol but even well-meaning liberals like David Riesman tried to convince us that the prospect of an American fascism was a mirage conjured up by Communists and their paranoid fellow travelers. Their argument has worn thin. For the ghetto uprisings and the war in Vietnam have undermined the dogma of a liberal consensus; and as our polarized country faces the possibility of violent revolution, it must also prepare for an imminent reaction.

One rightly expects a study of American Conservatism to be of help in such preparation. Unfortunately, Mr. Guttmann's book does not indicate that he has been visibly touched by the events of the last several years. Here is his thesis:

> Pushed in disarray from the battlefield of political activity, Conservatism has taken refuge in the citadel of ideas. The democratization of American society has made Conservatism increasingly feeble as an institutionalized force, but the Conservative's dream of a hierarchically structured society of prescribed values and restrained liberty has continued on as an important and usually unrecognized aspect of American literature.

The institutional enfeeblement of Conservatism must be greeted as a bit of cheerful news; having come this far, one almost feels encouraged to gird one's loins for the assault on "the citadel of ideas." But then Guttmann really means Conservatism (capitalized) of the Burkean variety, which is not to be mistaken for conservatism (lower case) or classical Liberalism (upper case) or indeed for any conservatism or reaction which has ever existed in the United States.

Taken as a contribution to the understanding of American literature, then, how does this book fare? Its insistent plot summaries are relieved by occasional aggravations of confusions inherent in Aristotle's and Zola's theories of fiction; or they are punctuated by such critical insights as Washington Irving's *Bracebridge Hall* being given a "solidity" by its description of a mansion, Henry James's *The Portrait of a Lady* teaching us that "human society is a good mixed inextricably with evil," and James's influence being "pervasive" on the poetry of T. S. Eliot.

To a degree, such remarks derive from the scholarly habits developed by that offspring of an academic intermarriage, the field of American Studies. For its specialists, literary texts conveniently become historical source books for American ideas and for images of American Civilization. More impressively, the appearance of any idea in print seems reason enough for accepting its existence as social fact. The reverse holds equally true. Guttmann, using his Burkean measuring stick, discovers that most 19th-century Southern literature was not really Conservative; this being the case, he is led to conclude that there was no Conservatism in the Old South. Conceivably, its absence might have something to do with Guttmann's

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judicious selection of texts. Or was it dissolved by the magic of his measuring stick?

In itself, such Conservative score keeping appears harmless enough. If nothing else, it allows Guttmann the pleasure of revealing his wide—though seldom relevant—acquaintance with the scholarly literature. But Guttmann is not content to rest with his footnotes; his concern is for the politics of this moment. And so his Burkean stick, not to speak of his bibliographical buckshot, is set the righteous task of punishing Russell Kirk and other New Conservatives (upper case). Is the argument worth the effort? Ought one really to deal with the New Conservatism as with a set of coherent ideas, rather than a form of social pathology?

Guttmann thinks so. For he intends his attack on Kirk to serve (somehow) as an intellectual toughener for a flabby liberalism. This seems a moderately useful task. We are told, for example, that liberals are naive in blaming America's aggressive foreign policy on the military; rather than being engaged in a plot against bourgeois society, the military is its natural product; indeed, generals are just like managers. True enough. But Guttmann does not see that this might tell us something about the nature of bourgeois society: he does not ask why our military establishment grows insistently larger; nor does he ask why so large a part of the economy is geared toward the maintenance of our war machine. The military, we are to believe, simply follows civilian orders; it plays no role in the making of policy. This is to take a somewhat one-sided view of the military's integration into our national life. Clearly, there are other than liberal naïvetés.

The military may not be instrumental in the making of national policy, but its thinking, Guttmann believes, can protect us against the false counsel of misguided ideologues and dogmatic extremists. "Is it not obvious," he asks,

> that the *implicit* theory of the military establishment today is a pragmatic form of socialism, equidistant from Marxism and from Liberalism? That, by its structure and function, the military assumes a form of social democracy perfectly compatible with the post-New Deal changes in American society?

Probably. But if so, it is surely a sobering comment about the nature of "pragmatic socialism." Guttmann's version of "social democracy" is compatible with the military because they share a "commitment to planning." Yet if planning is at the heart of the matter, wouldn't some form of corporate fascism—not to speak of a concentration camp—do just as well?

If nothing else, Guttmann's comments about our military establishment have made his objectives fairly clear. He is not really exercised over the critique of Conservatism, Old or New; nor is his heart very much in the reform of contemporary liberalism. His argument turns out to be a defense of the American welfare state against those dangerous ideologues (and idealists) who, unlike our military social democrats, stubbornly refuse "to mediate social and economic conflicts," who begin "with the assumption of universal harmony," and end (in some unspecified manner) "with the insistence that half the world has to be obliterated."

Guttmann has added another volume to the most popular American fiction of the last two decades—*The End of Ideology*. And who better to be the hero of this cautionary tale than Lyndon Johnson. "He has turned," we are told,

> the drift to socialism into a fairly steady course. Every step in the direction of social democracy is, of course, accompanied by shouts from the New Left: "That's not what we meant at all!"

How capricious of the New Left! How unpragmatic their failure to understand that,

> if freedom is to survive it will be within the institutional structures of a social system organized and computerized beyond the dreams of science fiction.

The prospect of such freedom may, of course, sound a bit inhuman to the finicky ideologues of the New Left. And indeed, Guttmann readily admits that there may be certain defects in Lyndon Johnson's America. But he is not without reasonable suggestions for managing their repair:

> It is possible to hope that certain aspects of Conservatism can be incorporated into the pragmatic form of social democracy that has become the status quo.

The aspects to be "incorporated" (a significant locution?) are the sense of community, the feeling of social obligation, and respect for our cultural past. (One waits breathlessly for our managers to program them on their social democratic computers.) Their adoption, we are told, would lead to the disappearance of racial strife and social injustice. The moral, I suppose, of Guttmann's sermon is that we should all repent, be less grasping, and feel more friendly toward our neighbors. It never occurs to him that the social strife and injustice he dislikes are as much a product of "social democracy" (it is called "modern capitalism" at one point) as the military establishment. Unhappily, the conflicts engendered by the welfare state will be resolved neither by exhorta-

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tion nor by imbuing more people with our cultural traditions. Economic and political interests are not known for yielding to anything but the pressures of other interests. Guttmann's program is simply one more way of maintaining the *status quo*.

There is an unwitting lesson to be learned from this book: the most important enemy of those who wish to build a humane society may not be reaction but America's version of "social democracy." Blinded by its ideology of "pragmatism," putting all faith in the efficacy of management, "social democracy" refuses to see that strife—even revolution—may be an inevitable consequence of its own drive to modernization. Reading Hawthorne and James may make our managers more public spirited; yet their very sense of social responsibility urges them to plan—and, having the power, to execute—the annihilation of those misfits who block their computerized vision of an orderly society.

A Pitiful Caricature

RESISTANCE: The Political Autobiography of Georges Bidault. *Translated from the French by Marianne Sinclair. Frederick A. Praeger. 384 pp. $6.95.*

ROBERT G. HAZO

Mr. Hazo is senior editor of Encyclopaedia Britannica. He is the author of The Idea of Love *(Praeger).*

Imagine that President Johnson has quietly prepared a sudden and total withdrawal from Vietnam. Further suppose that, without consultation, he orders the implementation of this complete reversal of policy overnight. (If he could get us into a war alone, presumably he can also get us out alone.) All but some minor Asian allies do not demur. The hawk squawk of the military and its supporters is loud but not the dominating note in the symphony of domestic reactions. The rest of the country either actively rejoices or is passively relieved and Johnson's expedient reversal promptly is put into effect. Just as opponents of the previous policy reluctantly had gone along with it out of formal loyalty to the system, so also do the dissenters about the reversal muffle their anger (and, in some cases, hysteria) and glumly accept the inevitable.

Imagine further that one strong Establishment figure, say Dean Rusk, steps forward, *after the decision is irreversible,* denounces the change and condemns his leader in the strongest possible language. He is forced to resign and eventually pressured to leave the country. He shuttles around South America where he organizes an open conspiracy to overthrow (and perhaps assassinate) Johnson. There he languishes, his hatred undiminished by years of deprivation and exile and his enthusiasm for revolution no less despite lack of friends, funds and any meaningful success at all. Finally, in the twilight of his life, Canada offers him refuge with the condition that he muffle his ire and live there quietly.

This bizarre political fable expresses something very much like what happened to Georges Bidault. Reading the political autobiography of this now pathetic figure one does well to remember that, next perhaps to Robert Schuman, Bidault was the most important political figure in France in the years following de Gaulle's withdrawal to Colomby. After his tenure as Chief of the Resistance in mainland France during World War II, he was twice Premier and nine times Foreign Minister. An impressive dossier despite the fact that the Fourth Republic (of which he has somehow become the symbol) specialized in musical chairs. His work on the restoration of France through the Marshall Plan was only one of a large number of major political actions discharged by him at the very pinnacle of power. Though Mendès-France finally got the Geneva Accords, it was Bidault who started the talks and who, in the view of many, made the agreements possible.

It is true that Bidault always lacked charisma despite his standing. He simply did not radiate august presence and even describes himself as looking like a provincial bourgeois who dislikes the cold. It is also true that his defiance evoked only public indifference, disdain and eventually hostility because of his alleged association with the OAS and the threat of civil war in 1958, as well as because of his possible complicity in plots to assassinate de Gaulle. But it is also true that he had an eminence second to none among active politicians and had everything to lose and nothing to gain. One must interpret, therefore, his predictably futile but implacable opposition to de Gaulle on Algeria as a high form of political integrity (whatever one may think of his principles) or as the action of a man in the grip of a personal animosity more powerful than considerations of self-interest or even survival.

The presumption seems to be in favor of emotion over virtue since *Resistance* fairly pulses with bitterness, particularly toward de Gaulle. Indeed, one must further suppose that Bidault is not really aware of just how dominating his feelings are. In the Preface he tells us that he no longer has strong passions and always is going to choose mild expressions in his account of the past. Not more than a cup of tea later he refers to "the long list of those dogs who, after eating from the dish, lifted their leg on it when they had finished!"

The oddity is that Bidault, although he began as a rather moderate leader of the MRP has ended up, temperamentally and politically, as a kind of pitiful caricature of the autocratic de Gaulle. Like de Gaulle, he is unassailably certain of his rectitude. His disdain for the *demos* and for the babble and clatter of parliamentary procedure is not concealed. Public opinion, says Bidault, is a "plague." He claims flatly that a society that is too liberal or too democratic cannot really be tough. Also like *le grand Charles* he is inclined to be secretive, disdainful of most of his contemporaries, given to anger as his main political spur, and uninterested in the distinction between a private and public posture.

On two main substantive issues, however, there is no similarity whatsoever: communism and colonialism. On the former, Bidault makes John Foster Dulles

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look like a moderate. In the entire world, he claims, there are really only two ideologies, the Communist and non-Communist. He opposes any concessions or flexibility, even suggesting that ecumenical reform in the Catholic Church has weakened an important bulwark. This surely is anti-communism *in excelsis*. He understands his second resistance effort, like the first, as refusal to compromise with the devil. Accordingly, only the simplest distinctions are admitted. "The white-skinned Russians may quarrel with the yellow-skinned Chinese; but they are all reds under the skin."

On colonialism he is equally unreformed. He even writes a short appendix disparaging the notion of self-determination. In this regard, it is really odd that de Gaulle, who is so temperamentally 19th century, should have understood a distinction that Bidault, a younger and in many ways more modern man, simply failed to grasp. De Gaulle knew not only that the pressure for independence was irresistible but also that a great deal of French power could be salvaged from the situation. He understood, in other words, that the operative political notion is hegemony and not the legal fiction of self-determination. He preferred the substance to the shadow of power. As de Gaulle knew and as the Algerians have discovered, to have gained independence is not to have shed French presence and influence; and, as they are finding out, is not necessarily to want to. Part of the Evian accord, for example, involved the phasing out of the wine industry in Algeria because it was an obvious symbol of the domination of the mother country. Now, however, the Algerians are extremely reluctant to implement this agreement since the industry is so lucrative and their need for capital so great.

Not only with regard to communism and colonialism is one impressed by the pervasive futility of this work. It is not, as undoubtedly would have been illuminating, serious history but a kind of feisty polemic against yesterday's enemy by a man who has no real hope of tomorrow. It is certainly relevant, vis-à-vis Vietnam, to be told that de Gaulle's Algerian decision involved the calculated abandonment of over 100,000 "faithful" Algerians to horrible torture and death at the hands of the rebels. The appendix on self-determination also raises the important question of just how much this principle must be modified so that a political unit remains viable. The bloodiest war in our history, after all, was fought to deny self-determination to the Confederacy.

These points, however, are drowned in the omnipresent tones of pathetic self-justification and righteous indignation —surely the most tiresome of emotions. Bidault's public bath in the juice of sour grapes is not only difficult to watch but genuinely sad. The book's main formal merit is that it is at least what it claims to be: a political autobiography uncluttered by personal asides. But even that quality is erased by the arid, pretentious style and by the occasional philosophical firecracker that is intended as an H-bomb, e.g., "True merit has nothing to do with success."

Finally, the overall effect on the reader is to wince in pain at the tortured effort of a man who obviously believes that there is no substitute for political victory, and yet who is irrevocably defeated.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Ham "saw the nakedness of his father and told his . . . brothers"—for which he was cursed. In the production of *More Stately Mansions*, sundry Hams commit the sin on the body of Eugene O'Neill (Broadhurst Theatre), for which they must be chastised. Except that they know not what they do.

O'Neill left an unfinished, unrevised script, sequel to *A Touch of the Poet*, which was meant as the first segment of a never completed nine-play cycle, the rest of which he burned. This remnant, which bears the title *More Stately Mansions*, if produced as written would consume ten hours. The Swedish director Gierow cut the script to four hours and presented it in Stockholm, where despite the enthusiasm for O'Neill's work, it was coldly received. For New York, José Quintero as director has cut and rearranged Mr. Gierow's version so that it runs for nearly three hours.

The truncated body, like a gigantic fetus, gives evidence of immanent power and complex interest. There still exist in it various fascinating autobiographical and socio-historical strands. O'Neill writing what he planned as an objective portrait of a family from the time of Andrew Jackson's administration to his own day, a kind of American history, was unable to exclude his subjective nature from it. Thus the huge fragment quivers confusedly but nonetheless profoundly with raw psychological life.

What we discern is the troubled marriage of two strains: the power-deprived and therefore power-hungry impoverished 19th-century immigrant (in this case Irish) and the idealism of the 18th-century tradition with its treasured memories in the refinement of European culture. These opposed forces are more copiously represented in *More Stately Mansions* than in the preceding play. Nora Melody, an Irish innkeeper's daughter, becomes Simon Harford's wife; Deborah Harford is his mother. They fight for dominance of Simon's soul.

Simon has something of his mother's spirit, "a touch of the poet" in him, but he is also the son of a Yankee mill owner. He is held in thrall by the earthy strength of his Irish wife, who is possessed of the will to get ahead and make something of herself in the new world. He becomes a ruthlessly ambitious businessman and encourages her (perhaps to humiliate her and to suppress the "poet" in himself) to emulate and surpass him in his drive to material success. In doing this he becomes her "slave."

Still his mother's ever-abiding romanticism, a kind of insanity in her, sways and disturbs his consciousness. He wants to be held by and to hold both wife and mother, and they in turn, while close to each other in their mutual need for the man, vie with each other as antagonists over the booty. He is crushed between his appetite and his aspiration, senses this and begs to be relieved of the insuperable burden of the duality. The mother finally retires from the struggle. In a sense all are destroyed in the conflict.

This is a variation of a constant theme in O'Neill's work: the spiritual tug of war between the potential artist and the man of affairs. It is at the very heart of *The Great God Brown*, but in *More Stately Mansions* it becomes integral to O'Neill's "American history." Here the tension is more emphatically personal, indicating a need on the man's part for a mother and mate in one person with equal devotion and surrender from both, producing a corresponding resentment when neither need is satisfied.

Never a good "writer" and only fitfully a sure craftsman, with ideals often exceeding his grasp, O'Neill groped in *More Stately Mansions* along every path: the script veers from realistic methods to soliloquy and stream-of-consciousness speech (in the manner of *Strange Interlude* and his plays with masks). In addition, passages of ordinary expository writing had not yet been transformed into convincing characters and action.

If this amalgam were ever to be realized as a satisfactory stage entity, a great cast and a director of enormous skill and imagination would have to undertake the task. There are good actors in the production at the Broadhurst, but Colleen Dewhurst is baffled, Arthur Hill is simply embarrassed by his part, while most of the others are hopelessly at a loss in the turbid currents which Quintero was unable to direct.

The audience comes to see Ingrid Bergman in the flesh. The flesh is still beautifully fresh and her spirit is absolutely eager. But she is fatally miscast, not merely in regard to her accent but

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because she hasn't any of the peculiarly resolute fragility and ineffable dreaminess her role requires. She seems instead to be a fortress of will with not a speck of resignation or renunciation anywhere in her being. She would never be overcome.

The production is not only a botch in itself but a paradigm of what is wrong with our commercial theatre.

Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes* (Vivian Beaumont Theater) is not a bad play; indeed it may be called a good one in the sense that it is written with intelligence and economy, that it is admirably constructed, pointed to a sound purpose, and entirely stageworthy. I am reminded of what Meyerhold said when he was blamed for producing *The Lady of the Camellias* in Moscow: "The form is outmoded but the 'stuff' is durable." The fact that the technique of *The Little Foxes* is Ibsen's and it is melodramatic rather than poetic are not truly faults. It is a play about our American past and marks a date in the development of our stage. It served its day well and in some measure may still serve ours.

If *The Little Foxes* is a "well-made play," by which its detractors mean "mechanical," I might say that Mike Nichols' direction of it is too well made. It hews so closely to the literal line of Miss Hellman's script, thus emphasizing precisely the traits we may object to, that all its seams show, all its limitations are exposed. Mike Nichols is particularly gifted for comedy, so that not only do the comic moments intended as irony make us chuckle but others not so intended positively make us grin.

This tight play, which as social-historical criticism makes one think of Balzac in motivation and of Henri Becque in treatment, needs, if anything, to be "loosened." The more meticulous and efficient showmanship one applies to it (and of that Nichols has a plentiful supply) the more bloodless it seems. The characters do not require sharper etching than the playwright has given them; they call for greater breath and humanity. The play's shortcomings seem to me expertly enhanced by the new production. The characters have become craftily contrived mechanisms. They are artfully manipulated; they barely move with any impetus of their own.

Anne Bancroft, like everyone else, works dutifully as Regina, but strikes me as wrong for the role. (Even her handsome clothes do not "function" for her.) George Scott is very nearly a caricature, extremely deft but still a cartoon. Margaret Leighton is so masterly as Birdie that she seems to stand by herself outside the play. Richard Dysart as Regina's husband is modestly right—simple that is though not as interestingly dimensional as he ought to be; the same might

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be said of Maria Tucci as his daughter. Only minor roles played by Beah Richards and Austin Pendleton assume a life beyond the production's confines.

The setting by Howard Bay is a valiant and on the whole successful attempt to make use of a stage which is all thrust and no environment. I have still to be convinced that the playing area of the Vivian Beaumont is truly practicable for the purposes it was designed to fulfill.

One thing more must in all fairness be said: for a wide audience in New York and on the road the production works and will "pay off."

The protest theatre of 1967 has already become a stereotype. The "hippy movement," some say, is already showing decrepitude, no doubt petrified by publicity. Too many tourists and jokesters surround the domain. So, at any rate, it would appear in the theatre, where no one has as yet taken the pains to treat the so-called "generation gap" seriously. The trouble is that on the stage we tend to use every new social phenomenon as grist to the amusement industry, rather than as a subject for study and thought.

Hair (at the New York Shakespeare Festival's new Public Theater at 425 Lafayette Street), under the supervision of Joseph Papp and the artistic direction of Gerald Freedman who staged the attraction, takes a swipe at the theme. I call *Hair*, which the playbill describes as "an American tribal love-rock musical," with book by Gerome Ragni and James Rado and music by Galt MacDermot, a "swipe" because it both celebrates the hirsute youth of the moment and kids them. It is well housed in the new building and is thoroughly amiable, but it hardly gets closer to the core of its matter than do the other entertainments in a similar vein.

Except for the musicians, who are enthroned above the colorful pop art background designed by Ming Cho Lee, a professional touch is lacking. This in itself may be no great loss: the young company contains some winsome and pretty players, notably the delicate beginner, Shelley Plimpton, who sings about an impossible but beloved boy friend, Jill O'Hara whose serious face has a slightly Oriental cast, and Susan Batson, a robust and roundish black bundle of sullen mockery and good humor. They and others are very nice to meet and they all cut up with zest. But the show lacks a center: its "book" consists of odds and ends, bits of party fun, a be-in without issue or style.

The red, white and what-have-you squares are gently derided, the friendliness and errant libidos of the young folk are pleasantly touted, political bigwigs are waggishly flouted, and the overhanging threat and presence of war are wistfully deplored. Still, I was left unsatisfied, with only a slight tickle and an expected tear. The music occasionally rises to real lyric expression (the words are not always delivered intelligibly), but rarely to sweeping statement.

I welcome the Public Theater enterprise to which the doughty Papp has added his labors on behalf of New York's public (he will produce contemporary as well as old plays there) and wish it prosperity.

The Becks in Paris

Robert Pasolli

The Living Theatre has to be seen to be believed. *Mysteries and Smaller Pieces*, which by accident and great good luck I saw in Paris recently, contains the most aesthetically daring things I have seen on the stage, as well as some of the most beautiful and moving. Yet the praise I had read and heard expressed for this exiled American company had not led me to expect what I found in this production. To talk about the theatre, even in the relatively knowledgeable way of earnest professionals, is to talk about a different world from the one the Living Theatre inhabits. Not only is the troupe's work entirely unlike the theatre we know but also the very preconceptions of our theatrical discourse seem irrelevant to it.

Some experimental companies in this country take inspiration from the work the Living Theatre did in New York or from the writings of Antonin Artaud, whose theories the Living Theatre deliberately articulates. And we are learning to understand that work and to deal with it discursively. But even these groups—the Open Theatre and the La MaMa Troupe are two of them—differ from the Living Theatre in a fundamental way: they tend to innovate by adding new techniques to traditions selected from traditional theatre, making use, for example, of naturalism, character psychology and scripted material. The Living Theatre creates by attrition.

This phenomenon is new only in the theatre. Every so often in the other arts, artists appear who cut inherited practices back to the essentials of the form, ruthlessly chopping off traditional encrustations in order to rediscover the essence. Martha Graham in dance, Josef Albers in painting, Gertrude Stein in literature are examples. What emerges is an art of natural movements, primal shapes and elementary grammar—an art, in short, of first principles. *Mysteries and Smaller Pieces* is an epoch-making theatre work because it has sprung from that impulse.

The production is a series of episodes, the most significant of which I must describe in detail. A solitary actor makes the opening statement: he comes to the edge of the empty stage and for five minutes stands rigidly at attention in a shaft of light. There is no movement and no sound. At first the audience seems contented with the rare chance to look someone up and down unashamedly. But after two minutes people begin to stir and after three they divide up into hooters and shushers. Near the five-minute mark many are thoroughly disgruntled, others gratified. A dramatic action has been created out of what we take to be its opposite, stasis and silence. And the most rudimentary theatrical means—an actor's body, a shaft of light and a platform—have been combined to make it. Now members of the company, stationed in the aisles, add a second action: they begin to recite antiphonally all the phrases that appear on the dollar bill. Soon they break into frenzied action—an adaptation of a portion of the Living Theatre's New York production of *The Brig*. Actors swab the aisles, others double time to and from the stage, still others march furiously around the stage to an obscenely guttural cadence count. The effect is that of spectacular, ascending rhythms of movement and sound, seducing you into the action until at the top it ends abruptly with a hoarse, stentorian shout from the leader of the march. Everyone, except the solitary (still at attention), shouts, "Yes, sir," and the lights black out. Thus, the movement of this piece runs a full course in the technique of theatre—from stasis and silence step by step to full-blown spectacle. Always, however, the first statement presides over the production. (I don't mean to slight the content of the piece, an indictment of the regimentation and materialism which the Living Theatre has fled. But it is of less interest, because more usual, than the technique.)

The mood changes completely with the next episode. A woman, accompanied on a guitar, sings a raga from the rear of the pitch-dark auditorium. The music is serene and caressing, and gradually incense seeps through the house, supplementing the song. As the raga concludes, clusters of bright pinpoints begin to appear on the darkened stage, and as the lights slowly come up one can make out the actors ranged far up-stage. They are holding bunches of burning incense tapers, their arms outspread and their faces blank. No sound is made. Slowly, with a minimum of motion, the actors begin to inch forward toward the audience. Slowly they fan out on the stage and descend into the house. With the barest perceptible degree of motion they approach; you can practically see stasis becoming movement—the birth of motion as it were. Again it is a ques-

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tion of cutting back to essentials and of taking time to make it visible. The action, an offering and a challenge, is both thrilling and moving. In physical plan, in gesture and in smell, the action embraces the audience; at the same time, its simplicity and ingenuousness question one's sense of sophistication about the theatre.

The company having descended once again into the theatre, Julian Beck, the leader of the troupe, remains alone on the empty stage. He sits cross-legged on the floor and for a long moment he lets us wait. Surely he will give us a revelation. Then he announces. "Street Songs by Jackson Mac Low." *Pause.* "Freedom No..o..ow," Beck says, slowly and half chanting. *Pause.* "Freedom No..o..ow." *Pause.* "Freedom No..o..ow." *Pause.* "Freedom No..o..ow." *Pause.* "Freedom No..o..ow." *Pause.*" Freedom No..o..ow." *Pause.* "*Liberté maintenant,*" he translates. "Feed the Poor." "*Du Pain aux pauvres.*" From the house, the actors begin to respond. "*Du Pain aux pauvres.*" "Ban the Bomb," Beck says. "Stop the War." "Free the Blacks." "*A Bas l'état.*" Some of the audience join in. "'*A Bas l'état.*" "Change the World." "*Changer le monde.*" "Make it work." "Find the way." "Free the Blacks." "*Liberté aux noirs.*" "Freedom Now." Once again the audience, surrounded and infiltrated by the troupe and seduced in some measure into the action, has been embraced—this time with a litany of the purest contemporary humanism. And by such simple means—bodies, gestures, walking, reaching, slogans! No plot, no stage setting, no costumes, no sound track, no chorus line, no psychology.

This brings me to Artaud, the French theorist who is so profoundly influencing the current experimental theatre. Julius Novick wrote an excellent précis of Artaud's thought in the course of his review of Tyrone Guthrie's *Oresteia* (*The Nation*, September 18), so I needn't go into detail. But I want to note the specific relevance of Artaud's theory to the theatre I have been describing: kinetic values supplanting literary and psychological ones, lifelike actions enlarged to universality, the mixing of players and public, experience raised to ritual. And one sense of Artaud's famous conception of the theatre as "victims burnt at the stake, signaling through the flames" seems to me substantially and beautifully achieved in the section I have just discussed, where the beliefs of the company's private lives compose the action.

The other sense of Artaud's famous definition—that of the theatre exceeding life's possibilities by employment of grotesquerie—is frequently implemented in several of the other sections of *Mysteries*. But I shall skip to the final part, which does it best and furthermore achieves the most in its own right. (The intervening sections I thought minor in scope or of limited achievement. Two are based on techniques of the Open Theatre, which performs them better; two others seem to me to fail, although they don't diminish my enthusiasm for *Mysteries* as a whole.)

The last section, known as "The Plague," pays specific tribute to Artaud, whose opening essay in *The Theatre and Its Double* locates, presumably metaphorically, the origin of theatre in the great killing plagues. The Living Theatre piece begins with the troupe wandering about the dark stage in variously stated agonies of fatal illness. Some writhe in place, others thrash around, still others moan in corners. One by one the entire company sinks to the floor and, crawling and rolling about the stage, continues its various sufferings, moans, gasps and choking coughs. Several actors escape into the auditorium and have their final spasms at the feet of the public. At length, everyone is stone-dead. Then four men rise and slowly, deliberately expressionlessly, deal with the bodies. First they straighten twisted and contorted limbs; next they remove shoes and place them in a line at the edge of the stage. Finally they start to amass the corpses. They pick up each rigid body at the neck and the feet and place it in an orderly heap center stage. The men go into the auditorium and bring in the strays, passing the corpses carefully up to the stage and placing them on the growing pyramid. The work is slow and laborious and the four men do it without a trace of expression. Their hard breathing is the only sound. The lights are lowering; time passes slowly; there seem to be ever more and more bodies; it is almost dark. At long last the final corpse is collected. It is that of Judith Malina, co-founder and co-director of the company and the wife of Julian Beck. The men place her small body on top of the pyramid, slightly askew, her head toward the audience, her long dark hair falling to us down and over the other bodies. This touch of sentiment—the only one in the entire piece—is performed in near darkness. The four men stand at the body pile for a long moment and regard their enormous work. The lights go out as they back away slowly.

This is truly one of Artaud's theatre monuments—grotesque, larger than life, yet of the utmost simplicity of action, at once metaphysical and everyday. However fakey the agony had been, the piling up of the bodies has supplanted that effect with a somber, stunning gloom. The statement is original and authoritative; the result is mind expanding.

The Living Theatre chose its European exile after many years of financial and ideological difficulty in New York. Yet after four years of itinerant playing in Europe, the company was rumored to be returning to New York this fall. During the summer, the rumor narrowed to a month's return for a New York booking. Finally, the booking was said to be off. In Paris, I asked Julian Beck whether the company really sought a means to get back. He told me that playing in Europe was too good to give up. "In New York we faced a steady financial horror. In Europe we have no premises to worry about, no unions to contend with. We're left alone. I don't even have a bank account. The theatres pay the money into my right-hand pocket, and I pay it out of my left. For a while we had to struggle between bookings, but now we are scheduled far ahead. Our only hassel is the ton of scenery we cart around with us. It's all so simple here; it makes our kind of theatre possible." Several members of the original troupe are still with it; others have left, replaced by Europeans, mostly young people, who have followed the company and sought to join up. There are said to be more of them than the Becks can use, although several members of the company are not gifted.

The Living Theatre is the foremost of the American theatrical *avant-garde*. That it lacks a way to operate here is a specific indictment of our society and culture.

WRITERS

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

I had not intended to write this week, but I have been reading the ecstatic early notices for Bo Widerberg's *Elvira Madigan,* and want to record a minority opinion as soon as possible.

The critics have joined in chorus to extol this work as the most beautiful film they can recall having seen. They do not add that it is also the most tedious, though when they get past adjectives their comments go oddly out of focus. I would not agree even that it is beautiful, though it is certainly as pretty as a travel brochure. Damask landscape, intimacies of reeds and grasses, shots into the evening light, a lingering over seductive textures and (once again) lovers gamboling in slow motion to express unearthly grace—all these work to create the vacation package in full color.

As to content, the consensus is that it is extraordinarily simple, and in that I would concur. A Swedish officer of hussars, possessed of a title, a wife and two children, runs off one summer's day with the tight-rope star of a traveling circus. For the first few days they are mindlessly happy, picnicking amid the butterflies with that amative heartiness of appetite so memorably recorded in the film of *Tom Jones,* coupling in precariously exposed dells, falling out of a rowboat, winning the hearts of rustics, and assuring each other that the world is well lost for love. But then they use up their dough (they have eloped with a couple of valises each and the money in their pockets; but though their raiment proves astonishingly resistant to hard usage, a taste for luxurious accommodations quickly exhausts their funds), discover that they cannot graze like cattle (scene of nausea brought on by the attempt), grow mindlessly despondent and commit suicide, again amid the butterflies. The film ends in a frozen image—an analgesic device that viewers may recall from *The Four Hundred Blows.*

This treacle is said to be derived from a true-life provincial Mayerling episode in 19th-century Sweden, but the original participants could scarcely have been as insipid as their screen counterparts—flesh and blood cannot moon and swoon and dither so fatuously. Simplicity is a very appealing quality, if it is innate and not a decor cunningly draped by people who are themselves not at all simple. *Elvira Madigan* is a kind of innocuous pornography; it is not strikingly erotic by contemporary standards, but it fits an excellent description of pornography that I have read somewhere: it evokes a self-indulgent daydream in which the participants, seen as objects, lack content and their behavior lacks plausibility. The sweetness is all. It makes me blue to walk past the public that queues up for this gimcrack chinaware.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 514)*

ing on the Thirteen Points, she omitted any mention that I spoke twice against their adoption (along with Bill Coffin, who she says supported them); why in reporting the radical caucus' reaction to the 50 per cent demand she said only one person criticized it, whereas it was I who first informed the radicals of the demand and announced I would fight it; why in reporting the plenary debate over the 50 per cent demand she omitted to mention that I gave the minority report against the demand and used the occasion to denounce the previous endorsement of the Thirteen Points. My own guess is that she could not figure out how to square these facts with her mistaken notion that I had endorsed the Thirteen Points, and so forgot them.

Finally, Miss Adler does not explain why she opposed *The New Yorker*'s printing my letter and her reply. (There she would even have had the last word.)

Arthur I. Waskow

This terminates The Nation's *contribution to the Adler-Waskow debate. If further letters are to be exchanged, they must appear in* The New Yorker, *where the argument should have been conducted in the first place.* Editors

citing Aptheker

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: I was pleased to read that *The Nation* [Oct. 16] had decided to assign William Styron's new novel for critical review on its "history" to Dr. Herbert Aptheker. Your editor's choice contrasts with the unfortunate response of our newest Supreme Court Justice, who wilted under the ordeal of interrogation inflicted on him by the racist Senatorial crew during the Judiciary Committee hearings.

To make the point that "peaceful protest, speech, and petition" had been "a form of self help not unknown during the era of Reconstruction," Justice Marshall, when circuit judge, had cited two of the documents from Dr. Aptheker's monumental *A Documentary History of the Negro People in the United States* . . . .

Seizing upon this, Senator Eastland asked the nominee if he had known the book was written by a Communist when he cited it. "I positively did not know that," Mr. Marshall replied. Asked if he would have cited the book if he had known, the candidate for confirmation to the Supreme tribunal presiding over the search for truth above all our courts replied: "I positively would not have cited it. . . ."

There is a moral equivalent between the use of napalm to burn people for permitting themselves to be the sea in which Communist guerrillas swim, and the declaration by a jurist that he would not cite a book because its author (in this case, its mere compiler) was a Communist. Acceptance of the latter idea produces apathy to the former barbarity.

History will remember with approval the Thurgood Marshall who cited Aptheker—and one hopes, and suspects, that he will yet find occasion to cite Aptheker again.

Howard N. Meyer

streets at night

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I have just returned from a visit to London and Paris. . . . In London I found great throngs gathered around Piccadilly and in all the main thoroughfares, and there was a sense of well being, and best of all, a sense of being secure and unafraid. Late at night, the streets were full and the restaurants jammed. . . . If it struck my wife's and my fancy, we had no hesitation going out of our hotel at 1 A.M. or 2 A.M. to stroll through the main streets and lovely side streets.

In Paris, I found the boulevards gayer than ever. On the Left Bank, the streets are jammed with youths and festival exuberance, no matter how late the hour. Here, too, I did not experience any apprehension or fear, no matter what the hour. . . . How different is New York. Forty per cent of our people say they are frightened to go out at night. Right or wrong, great masses of our people regard their city streets as wild jungles where everything and anything can happen and horrible things, unfortunately, do happen. After being in such healthy, alive cities as London and Paris, I perceive more clearly how sick our cities are. . . .

Samuel Tenenbaum

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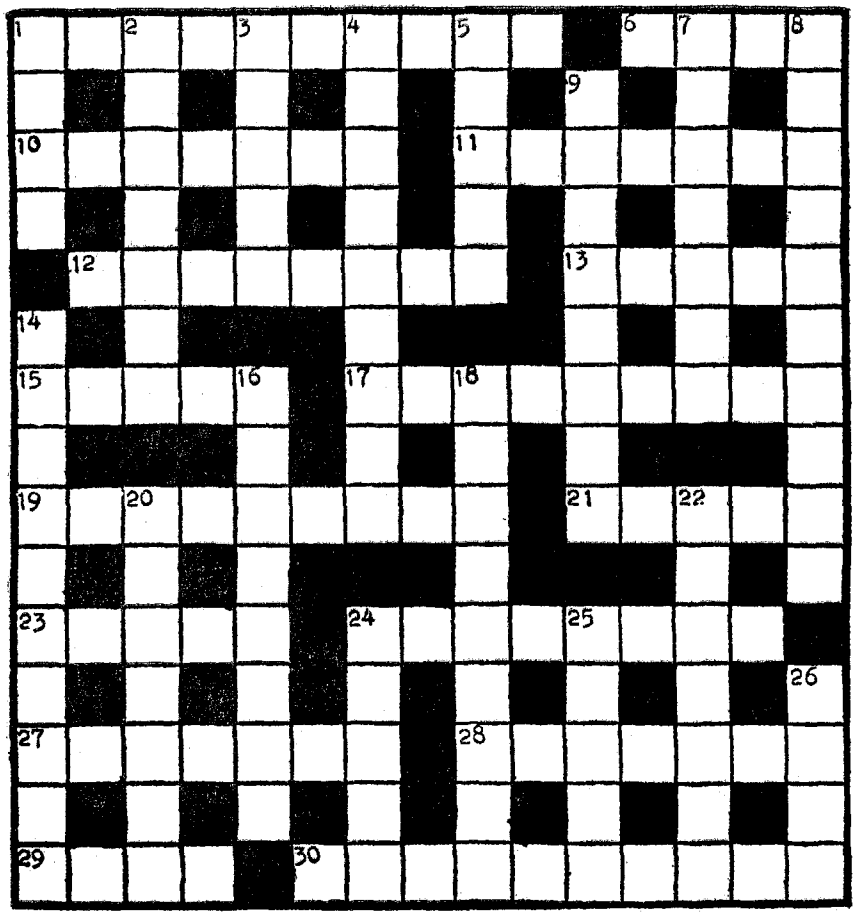
Crossword Puzzle No. 1224

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What your dishonor brings in censure. (5,2,3)
6 See 2 down
10 The unpleasant sound of protection offered shop-keepers? (7)
11 As real a water as you might find, though some might consider it red. (4,3)
12 Joyce novel in the original language? (8)
13 A good fellow to face the wall with! (5)
15 Signals for more than one in the circus. (5)
17 Is what a detective might put on not heavy, but usually red? (9)
19 The record colorful, it appears, but it might imply 1 across. (9)
21 Does one have a spare part? The best! (5)
23 Cleopatra was so in judgment in her salad days. (5)
24 Smitten. (8)
27 Either last longer, or exhaust in endurance. (7)
28 Washington's capital in unhealthy surroundings naturally breeds a hostile feeling. (3,4)
29 "A Man of All Seasons" in addition? (4)
30 Just deserts, or a portion thereof, for Elizabeth after a tropical cruise? (5,5)

DOWN:

1 and 26 down Outstandingly representative of a way to enlist foreign aid? (8)
2 and 6 across A cry of distress, despite the evidence of music on the salon deck. (7,4)
3 The outcomings of all the men and women of Shakespeare? (5)
4 Evidently people don't care for such things. (9)
5 Does one pass them by word of mouth? (5)
7 Hide in an embrace, getting down to the heart of the matter! (7)
8 Their jokes are not always practical, however. (10)
9 Is there a point to measurements of what the strong man might employ? (3,5)
14 His door was opened wide with a sort of bridge parlor, for example. (10)
16 More unusual in a person you don't know. (8)
18 Put under a picture, perhaps, of what the reporter might hope to secure. (9)
20 Lee might have provided it. (7)
22 Say, what's going to happen! (7)
24 More safe when the one who handles the money doesn't have the wrong rate.
25 Did he spy Canaan? (5)
26 See 1 down.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1223

ACROSS: 1 Picadors; 5 Manana; 10 Imply; 11 Breakfast; 12 Iceboat; 13 Dancing; 14 Brakes; 15 Dresden; 18 Peruses; 21 Violin; 24 Topiary; 26 Galatea; 27 Penitence; 28 Rooms; 29 Sashed; 30 Myrmidon. DOWN: 1 and 25 Philippines; 2 Cupbearer; 3 Dry dock; 4 Rebates; 6 Askance; 7 Amati; 8 Antigone; 9 Tended; 16 Driftwood; 17 Epitaphs; 19 Seattle; 20 Saying; 21 Vaguely; 22 Oil drum; 23 Carson.

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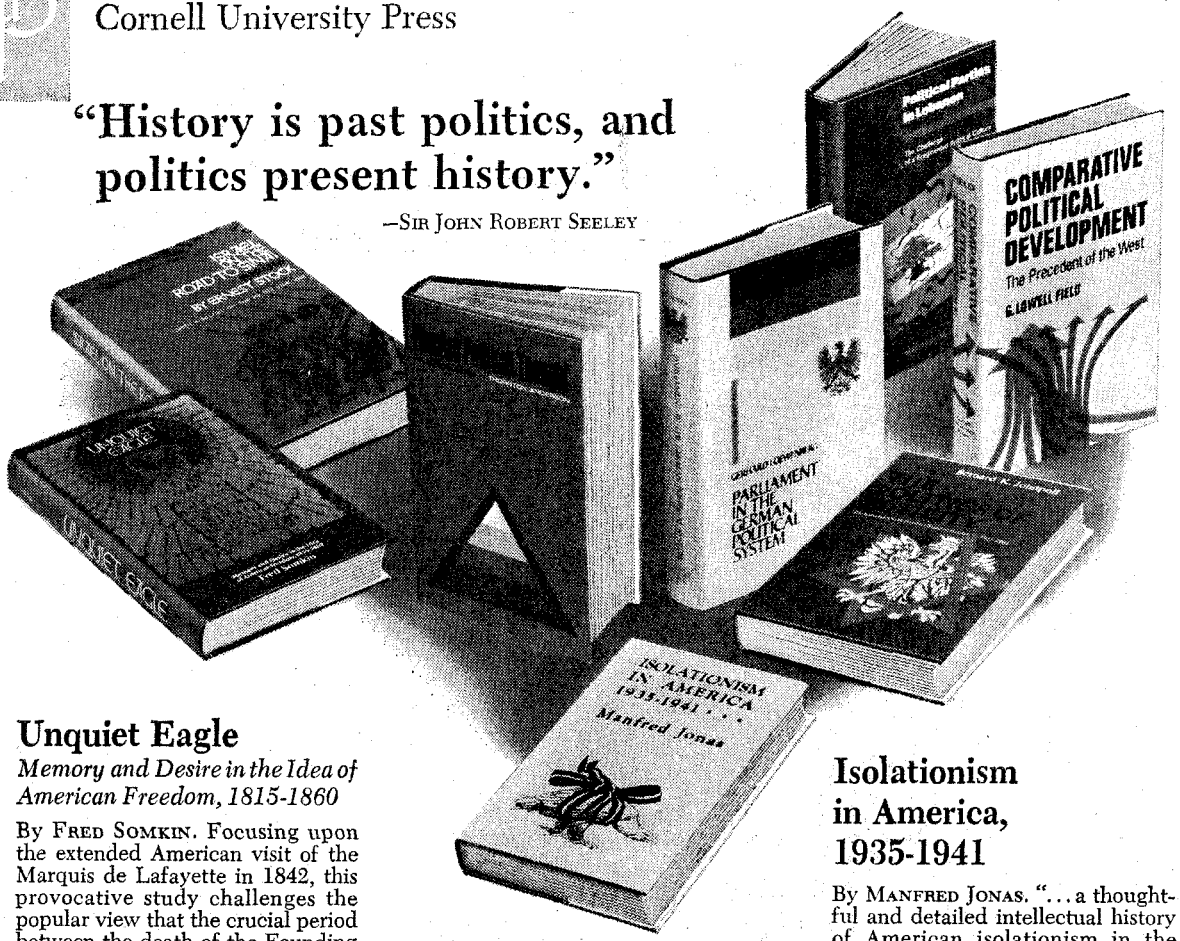

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